



SONS OF BRITANNIA.

No. 365.—Vol. XV.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1877.

[ONE PENNY.]



TOM AND HIS FRIEND DISCOVER THE REMAINS OF BOB THURLOW.

TOM RATTLEBRAIN; Or, The Mystery of the Old School Tower.

CHAPTER IX.

A SURPRISE FOR THE DOCTOR.

THE boys tenderly raised Tom Rattlebrian in their arms and bore him into the school-room.

The doctor was at once sent for, and he turned somewhat pale as he saw the cruel gash which had cast our hero senseless on the ground.

"Run, some of you, and fetch Dr. Bleedem," he cried; "bless me! bless me! whose work is this? I shall have a strict investigation into this matter this evening."

The physician had soon reached the school, but before he arrived Tom Rattlebrian had opened his eyes and gazed wildly around him.

He was in his bedroom now, and only Dr. Dustall and Marland were with him besides one of the female servants.

He shuddered as he glanced round. "Who did this? How did it occur, my boy?" asked the doctor.

He spoke in so gentle a voice that the lad was quite astonished.

"Well, sir," he answered, "I cannot explain to you all, but it began in a fight, sir."

"Dear me! dear me! How very annoying!" said the doctor. "Then after all it is just nothing but a fight, in which, I suppose, you got beaten."

"No, sir; no," cried Tom, excitedly; "it was not that. I was fighting the new boy, Archie Trencher, and was getting the best of it, when I received a blow on the head. I think it was with a stone."

"It was a stone, sir," said Marland; "here it is in my pocket."

And he produced a large sharp flint, the edge of which was deeply stained with blood.

"Have you any idea who threw it?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Well, sir, I have," said Marland, "though I do not like to say."

"Oh! that is nonsense," returned the doctor; "and the one who did it must be made an example to the whole school."

"It was not one of the scholars," said Marland; "it could not have been, they were all in a circle round the spot where the fight was going on. The stone could not have passed through the crowd without injuring more than Tom."

"Then where did it come from?" asked the doctor, impatiently.

"From some one standing on the top of the mound that overlooks the school wall," said Marland, whose lips quivered in anticipation of the startling revelation he was about to make.

"And this person was?"

"Mr. Jeffery Jordan," said Marland.

A slight cry escaped the doctor's lips at this.

"Impossible!" he cried; "you *must* be mistaken."

"No, sir, as I turned to rush to the assistance of my friend I saw Mr. Jordan as he ran down the edge of the mound towards the road. I don't think he would deny it, sir, if you put it to him straightly."

The boy spoke in such a tone of boldness and conviction that the doctor did not for a moment doubt his words.

"Well, I will see to this," he said; "meanwhile I wish both of you to give me your words of honour upon one point."

"What is that?" inquired Tom Rattlebrain in a faint voice.

"That you will keep this matter as quiet as you did the matter of the ruins," said Dr. Dustall; "you may depend upon it I will punish the offender. But here comes the physician."

The man of medicine examined the wound, and administered the usual reliefs; and then Tom was left in the little room with Marland to sit with him.

Dr. Dustall meanwhile put on his hat, took his stick, and having wrapped himself in a cloak which he generally wore at night, he took his way from the school.

He was not at all afraid of interruption, for no one in the whole establishment would have suspected for an instant the errand on which he was going.

Passing up the lane by the side of the school-house he turned suddenly to the left, whence a little turning led in an opposite direction to the town, or rather village.

This lane, which was called Love Lane, led over a little streamlet, and then out upon a waste beneath the shadow of the High Hills.

It was as dark as pitch everywhere around.

But Dr. Dustall evidently knew his way well, and walking strudly over the hard road he made his way towards a spot where afar off could be seen a spot of light.

There was very little vegetation in this part of the countryside, and consequently, though the light was at a great distance, it could be seen without any interruption.

With a face which was pale with excitement, and lips set with determination, the doctor sped along on his way.

At length all vestige of the School Tower and its neighbouring buildings was left behind, and the doctor approached a weird-looking building of the windmill shape, though if it had ever possessed sails they had long since been broken up and scattered to the winds.

As he neared it he saw standing near it on a little rising ground a tall gaunt figure.

It was easily recognizable as that of Jeffery Jordan, the lean usher of the "Dusthole."

He retired as the doctor came up, but it was only

to lead the way over a narrow bridge across a dried-up ditch into the interior of the mill.

The doctor followed without any hesitation, and in a few moments the two men stood face to face in a chamber where every sign of devastation and ruin presented itself.

The fire-place was broken, the stone work evidently not having been destroyed by time, but smashed by violence.

The walls bore evidences of violence also, and in one corner a fissure admitted the chill night air.

The door hung dismally on its rusty hinges, and all was dim and desolate, but on the hearth was an apology for a fire, and on the rickety table some preparations for good cheer.

The usher pushed the rusty holt of the door into its rusty receptacle, and the two men sat down.

"And pray may I ask you, Mr. Jordan," said Dr. Dustall, "what your extraordinary conduct means?"

"In what my conduct is extraordinary I do not know," said the usher, coolly; "whatever it is, however, you are the one to blame."

"What the devil do you mean?" exclaimed the doctor; "did I tell you to interfere in a school fight and cut a boy's head open with a stone?"

The usher turned slightly pale at these words.

"Well, certainly, that is an extraordinary statement. Pray may I ask you who is the author of that absurdity?"

"It is no absurdity, sir," returned Dr. Dustall; "you were seen to do it, and, of course, it will be impossible to keep up the credit of the school if such things go on."

"Allowing a man to be guilty of such a thing," returned the usher, coolly; "it would only be done on the impulse of the moment. At any rate the boy is not dead."

"No, though little thanks to you," returned the doctor; "if he had died I suppose you are aware you would have been hanged."

"Then all I can say is, my dear sir, that if you had not done all in your power to save me you would have swung with me."

"Fool! what drivelling nonsense are you talking," exclaimed the doctor, furiously; "what had I to do with this exhibition of childish spite?"

"No, no! we are well aware of that," returned the usher; "but you surely have not forgotten Bob Thurlow?"

The doctor made a gesture of contempt.

"Do not bring that up," he cried; "that is safely hidden away in the past. That is far too wrapped up in mystery for it ever to be found out. I never fear that."

As he spoke the words a wild and unearthly shriek rang through the old building.

Not a shriek of agony or pain, but a shriek of weird laughter.

The doctor sprang up and seized the usher by the arm.

"What was that?" he cried, with quivering lips.

The eyes of the usher were fairly bolting from his head, and his complexion had assumed a leaden hue which was terrible to behold.

"I know not," exclaimed he, in gasping accents; "it sounded like his voice—the voice of Bob Thurlow."

"It must be some illusion of the senses, some deception," said the schoolmaster, as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow, "but still let us search the place. Such secrets as ours most not be heard by others."

The tall usher took the rickety lamp in his trembling hand, and advanced into the dark passage.

Everything was very quiet now.

The wind scarcely raised more than a slight moaning noise among the loose rafters and the empty upper chambers of the deserted building, but not a sound of voices or of footsteps.

Still, the two men, whose guilty consciences seemed to be filling them with terrors of the past, could not rest until they had endeavoured to fathom the mystery of the wild unearthly voice.

Up the staircase, rotting with age, they crept carefully, holding like grim death to the balustrades, which were as rotten as the rest of the staircase.

Up into every room where flooring was safe enough to support their weight they went cautiously, but nothing was to be seen.

And then, leaving only the wheel-room unex-

plored, there being no staircase left by which to ascend to it, they retreated once more to the harem.

"These meetings must be held elsewhere," said the Doctor, shuddering, as he heaped some wood on the fire. "I cannot endure the idea of these constant playings at hide and seek. Besides, our connection in these matters will have little more need to be kept up. Tell me what is this affair about Bertha Arnold?"

"She is dead," said Jeffery Jordan, with some emotion.

"Are you certain of this?"

"Certain! Certain! When I stood by her death-bed; when I knelt by her as she died! When I and the gipsies hurried her in the ruined chapel!

And the man, apparently in a paroxysm of anguish, wrung his hands together.

"She is buried?" said the Doctor, in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes."

"Then all is over between us, Jeffery Jordan," replied the Doctor, in a low voice, "the game is played out! The mystery solved for her, and for Bob Thurlow, and we had better part."

"Be it so," said the usher, "in a month's time I will quit you. But I shall not leave England."

"That was part of our bargain."

"I know it," said Jordan, "but now events have occurred to render it far more agreeable for me to remain."

"In the land where you are always in danger," said the schoolmaster, "but it matters not to me. I can have no objection."

He raised a glass of brandy to his lips as he spoke, and rose to go.

"There is one thing I wish to impress upon you, Jordan," he added, as he buttoned his cloak up about his neck. "I will not have Tom Rattlebrain interfered with."

"Oh! has he become a pet of yours after grossly insulting you?" said the usher, with somewhat of a sneer.

"Not so, but Sir Henry is not a man to be trifled with, and really the boy is not so bad as he is made out."

"Very well. We shall not be together much longer; so I will leave the devil's whelp alone. Good night! Shall I go on first or shall you?"

"Just as you like," said the Doctor. "You are the quicker walker, so perhaps you had better go first."

The two men then parted, and as the Doctor fastened the door and passed out on the little bridge over the dry ditch he could see the gaunt form of the usher striding away rapidly in the moonlight.

He followed at once; and the old mill was left once more to its loneliness and its strange voices.

Was it so lonely as it seemed?

Or was it a white haggard face that peered out of the paneless window of the wheel-room, and glared with wild, angry eyes across the waste lands?

CHAPTER X.

A CHANGE OF MASTERS.

STRANGE was it all that on the following morning Doctor Dustall did not make his appearance at the academy.

Jeffery Jordan entered the school-room at the usual hour, but to the astonishment of all he walked up to the Doctor's desk and sat down there instead of at his own.

He had a letter in his hand as he entered, and this he spread open on the desk before him.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "Dr. Dustall was called away unexpectedly last night, and I have received this morning this letter from him, in which he states that he expects to be away some weeks, and asking me to take his place while he is away. I trust, therefore, you will consider me as your master for the time being."

A murmur of pretended acquiescence ran through the school-room.

But there was not a boy in the school who did not dislike the idea of the alteration.

Doctor Dustall was had enough, but the usher was far worse.

However, as the motto goes, "needs must, &c.," and so they all settled themselves as best to the business of the day.

In the evening, just after recreation time was over, Tom Rattlebrain hurried up to Marland.

Harry!" he cried, "just come a little aside with me, I've something to propose."

Marland laughed.

"Something outlandish and desperate, I'll be bound," he said, "in spite of the crack you had yesterday."

"Oh!" cried young Rattlebrain, "I've forgotten that. The scar's an ugly one, and it aches a little, but I think my head is elastic. I shall soon get over that."

"Let's hope so," said Marland. "I only wish my head was half as thick—no offence, mind."

"No offence, my boy," cried Tom, "no offence in the least. But listen."

They had now reached a part of the playground where the boys were not congregating, and so Tom, after a furtive glance round him, said,—

"Are you game for an adventure to-night?"

"Yes, if it's not too desperate a one."

"No, it's not very desperate."

"Not like the one in the rains?"

"Well, it has to do with the ghost-line again," said Tom. "However, listen. Do you know the Red Mill on the waste land?"

"Yes."

"It's thought to be haunted."

"I know that."

"Well, now, what I want to do is to persuade every one that it is—to make it such a bugbear that no one will ever venture near it."

"What for?"

"Because we can have it all to ourselves," cried Tom Rattlebrain; "we can make it our headquarters; we can have feasts there; we can hide there; we can frighten the yokels, and—there, are you game to go there to-night?"

"Yes, of course I'm ready to help you in everything, my friend," said Marland, "but I don't see how it's to be done."

"Easy enough. Leave that to me. Now I'm off to the town to make some purchases."

"What are they?"

"Ah! that would be tellings, as the saying is," cried Tom; "you'll see them soon enough, and I'm open to let that you're satisfied with them."

"No doubt, old boy, so fire away. But have you leave?"

"Not I. I shall not be found out, however. Old Judge Jeffories and Rob Roy are playing cards and drinking whisky like fun, and they'll know nothing of it, that is—if you don't split."

And with a laugh the lad vaulted over the hedge, and was off like a rocket.

"Brave old chum!" murmured Marland, as he watched him speeding along the lane. "I hope your career will be as happy as it deserves to be. You may be rattle-brained, but your heart is as true as steel."

Tom Rattlebrain was not very long absent from the "Dnsthole."

He was very red and very hot when he did come.

But his eyes sparkled with delight and "devilment."

"You've been successful, old boy. I can see that in the twinkling of an eye," cried Marland.

"Aye, that I have, old friend," cried Tom, "and I hope to-night we shall have a first-rate bit of fun. But I must run in and get my lessons off my mind, or I shall not enjoy myself half as much as I want to."

This was only a ruse.

He wanted, in fact, everything to be as much a surprise to his friend as possible.

So, instead of looking over his lessons, he slunk as cautiously as he could up the stairs, and made his way in the direction of the tower where he had seen the last of Bob Thurlow.

Here he remained a little while, and then showed up just in time for supper, dismissal, and bed.

Both he and Marland retired to rest as usual.

But neither slept.

They were only waiting until the other occupants of the dormitory lapsed in slumber, and then they at once crept from their couches, and taking their clothes in a bundle, they glided out into the corridor.

It was not very late, but all the place was very still.

Both "Rob Roy" and "Judge Jeffories" had imbibed sufficient whisky to render bed a pleasant and a necessary article, and the servants had taken

advantage of the fact to indulge also in an early snooze.

Accordingly they had to be doubly quiet.

However, as they did not put on their hoots, their progress was only marked by a slight creaking of the staircase, and they arrived in safety at the room where the partition swung, still sattered and broken as Tom Rattlebrain had left it.

"Well, this is a rum place," cried Marland, in surprise, as Tom closed the door behind him. "I never knew before this that such a set of chambers existed in the school-house."

"No, and far less do you think of the terrible doings that have gone on here," said Tom; "but I won't talk of them now. Let's dress ourselves, and then we'll be ready for our jaunt."

He knelt down, lifted the plank which had concealed poor Bob Thurlow's treasures, and took out a candle.

Then, as soon as they had slipped on their clothes, he took out the old rope and a second stonier one.

"These are our means of descent," he said; "see how we fasten it here to the bed. I was here, you know, on the night of Bob Thurlow's escape."

"Well, you are a rattlebrain indeed," exclaimed Marland, "to run this risk merely for the sake of a little exciting adventure."

A glance of disappointment crossed the face of our hero.

"You're not going to cave in, are you?" he cried.

"Not I," said Marland, "I won't cave in so easily."

"All right, then," cried Tom, cheerily, "see that I've done that knot safely. Now then, help me to hoist up this old rickety window. That's it. And now—who goes first?"

"It doesn't matter; here goes," exclaimed Marland, and without further ado he swung himself out.

The double rope made descent pretty easy and safe, and in a few minutes both the active young dare-devils had reached *terra firma*, and were hurrying away across the grounds.

They soon reached the open country, and here at a hedge, just before they entered upon the waste land, Tom Rattlebrain paused.

"Now," he said, "I must show you my other purchases. We shall meet a lot of people coming across from Laybroke from the horse-fair, and if we don't give them a scare, my name's not Tom Rattlebrain!"

Stooping down by the hedge, he drew from beneath the concealment of some shrubs a parcel containing two sheets, two huge heads of "ghosts" used on the stage, two lanterns, and some rope.

Also two long ash sticks and a parcel containing what he called materials for a "tuck out."

Marland roared with laughter.

"Well," he said, "you are a comic fellow. How are we to rig ourselves out with these?"

"Put the sheets on. Pin them round us, tie our waists in with rope, place the cardboard heads on top of ours with the lanterns inside of them, and then march along the Laybroke Road across the waste lands."

"But the people will know it is only a make up."

"Not they. I've had experience of these country bumpkins," returned Tom. "They'll run like fun. Then we can pursue them with our ash sticks and belabour them to their heart's content."

"Poor devils! When they don't even deserve it."

"Ah! that's where you don't know my secret," exclaimed Tom Rattlebrain. "I happen to know that two of Farmer Dobell's sons are coming from the fair about this time."

"Have you a grudge against them, then?"

"I have. One evening when I had broken honnds they both fell upon me, and the cowards belahoured me until I could hardly get up."

"The dastardly wretches!" cried Marland, "they deserve all they get. Why they're years older than you are."

"Yes; one is seventeen, and the other nineteen."

"But you must have been doing something, Tom, to exasperate them."

"Well," said our hero, with a laugh, "I certainly was looking over Farmer Dobell's wall, and wondering how I could get one of his red apples

without being seen. But never mind. I've a special lark in my mind about that apple-tree."

During this conversation the two boys had succeeded in attiring themselves, and certainly, when they had finished doing so, they looked two of the most comic ghosts that ever presented themselves "on or off the stage."

With many a merry laugh and jest they now hastened along the road, and were soon approaching the deserted mill.

Meanwhile we must introduce our readers to two characters who are destined to play a most important part in our story.

These are Tom and Harry Dobell, the two sons of the farmer of whom young Rattlebrain had spoken to his friend.

They were big, burly, heavily-built fellows, confident in their own strength, but by no means the sort of chaps who would care to meet a member of the ghost trihe.

They had gone to the horse fair to purchase a couple of horses for their father, and they had promised their sweethearts to bring them home some presents.

Both had got the fashion of imbibing at the fair, young as they were; and when they started to come home, leading their heavy cart-horses, they were wobbling from side to side of the road.

They had tried to sit on the backs of their steeds, but this had resulted in their both rolling off into the ditch.

So singing—or rather grunting—out snatches of monotonous ditties, they proceeded onwards towards the mill.

Tom Dobell had bought for his sweetheart a huge bouquet of flowers as big as a Savoy cabbage, while his brother Harry had purchased some grapes and other succulent fruits, knowing that the propensities of his sweetheart were rather in the "feeding" than the hotanical line.

As they neared the old mill, a long unearthly cry resounded in the night air.

Both lads stood suddenly still, causing their horses to swerve to either side of the roadway, and nearly capsizing themselves.

"What's that?" said the younger brother, looking aghast at Harry.

"I don't know," exclaimed the latter; "but it sounded as if it came from the old mill."

"Oh, dang me! let's get up on the horses and gallop hy," cried Tom. "I don't like this 'ere place at all."

"More do I," said Harry.

And putting the action to the word, they were just hoisting themselves on the backs of their willing steeds, when another cry, more unearthly than the first, broke again the stillness of the night.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed both the rustics at once, and as their hands slipped on the smooth surface of the horses, they fell upon the road under the bellies of the animals.

Something serious might have occurred had the latter been spirited beasts.

As it was the old cart-horses—perhaps half asleep from standing so long in the market—never moved, but stood blinking their eyes while their masters scrambled up, and sat bewildered in the road.

"Well, dang me, Tom, if this ain't a pretty go!" said Harry. "I wish there was another way round."

"Ugh, oh!" exclaimed the other, as he hid his face on the horse's flank; "See I see!"

He did not say where, but his brother looked naturally in the direction of the "haunted" mill.

There, standing on either side of the little bridge, wore the two "ghosts."

The light of the lanterns gleamed on from their goggling eyes, and in the dim light of the obscured moon their figures looked green and weird-like.

To the half-drunken and distorted view of the two young fellows, these absurd figures presented the most terrible appearance.

Of course they had been brought up in the belief that the mill was the residence of spirits, and it was natural, not knowing what forms the ghosts of the departed would take that they should look at them as the distorted semblances of murdered people.

They stood for a few moments in silent and motionless horror.

Then as the tall figures suddenly sprang forward and made for them, they gave an unearthly yell and fled.

Fled anywhere—anywhere out of the vicinity of the horrid figures.

They never looked to see where they were going, and consequently, when they had proceeded a little way, they came upon a wide ditch, into which they plunged headlong.

Wretched beings!

The flowers which Tom had purchased for his sweetheart were huddled in the mire; and when he and Harry had extricated themselves from the mud and filth which filled their eyes, and noses, and mouths, it was found that the plums and grapes were jelly, and had mixed with the wreck of a huge pot of marmalade.

As they got up, or rather crawled out of the ditch, they saw two grinning faces above them on the higher bank.

The boys from the "Dusthole" had taken off their "ghost" things, and having hidden them carefully away had ran down to the scene of the catastrophe.

"What's up here? What's the matter?" asked Tom Rattletrain, with a loud laugh.

"I don't know," cried Harry Dohell, wiping his face with a hand which was smothered in grape juice, and marmalade, and smashed plums. "We saw some strange things which scared us, and we hotted."

"Was it you we saw coming along with two horses from the fair?" asked Marland.

"Yes."

"And did you leave them in the road?"

"I think we did," said Tom Dohell, whose senses seemed to have been utterly dulled by the events of the last half-hour; "in fact we must have done so. We must go up again and see what's become of them."

"I fancy you'll have some difficulty in that," said Marland. "They're gone!"

"Gone!" cried Harry Dohell, aghast.

"Yes. Gone!" replied Tom Rattletrain. "I saw two horses left alone on the road, and they turned their heads after a moment and galloped away back towards Laybroke."

"Oh, lor! oh, lor!" exclaimed young Dohell with a groan, as he rose to his feet. "Oh, lor! oh, lor! here's a pretty go! We shall have to go all the way back this blessed night."

"Yes, or father will leather us finely," said Harry; "come on, Tom, let's toddle back as soon as we can."

The two mud-splattered creatures at once commenced their return journey, and Tom Rattletrain and his friend having re-entered the mill indued themselves in their ghostly garments all except he head's and passing up into one of the higher chambers sat down at an opening where a window had been to have their "tuck out."

Tom Rattletrain had brought with him in the parcel everything that boys delight in—new huns, and figs, and sweets, and ginger wine (which, by the way, they had to drink out of the hottle), and sitting there with the fresh breezes sweeping down from the hills across the waste lands, they thought they never enjoyed a freak so much in their lives.

Presently Marland exclaimed—

"Here they come again!"

"What the Dohells?"

"I'll paraphrase Shakspeare then," exclaimed Tom Rattletrain dramatically. "On with your head! So much for both the Dohells."

Marland at once did as he was desired, and in a few moments they were both leaning out of the large window.

The two rustics had found their horses quietly grazing at the side of the road, and being now sobered by the fright they had received, they had mounted their horsses, and now at a heavy gallop, which shook the earth, they dashed by the deserted mill.

As they did so, two discordant yells greeted them, and with hair standing on end, they covered down upon their horses' hacks, and fled!

CHAPTER XI.

A TERRIBLE SURPRISE.

"WELL, you certainly have had a piece of fun with the two poor rustics," exclaimed Marland, "you must nearly have driven them mad."

"It is only tit-for-tat."

"Yes, truly; but it is no fun if they do not know who did it."

"Oh! that they will know soon enough," said Tom; "before to-morrow has gone by they will receive an elegant little epistle which, if I can rack my brain to any purpose, shall contain a few rhymes apropos of the flight of the Dohells. But hark! What is that?"

The wind had begun to rise rapidly, and the old buildings creaked and shook.

But this was not the sound they heard.

It was a strange moaning cry.

Nothing like the wild shriek which had arisen from the mouths of the two young adventurers; but a low, agonized cry, as of one in deep distress and agony.

The boys did not rise to flee away as the Dohells would have done.

They rose certainly, but it was to approach the door and listen.

Again the cry was repeated.

But it was so nearlly that they could scarcely regard it as human.

"It must be the wind whistling and moaning through the place where the sails used to be," said Tom. "But let us look. It might be some unfortunate tramp, and I would not like to leave any poor creature in distress. Come on; bring the lanterns."

The two boys at once began to ascend the rickety staircase; and it was not long before they had reached the old wheel-room.

Unlike the schoolmaster and the usher, they had not been deterred by difficulties, but had scrambled up as best they could.

For some time they saw nothing.

Heard nothing, in fact, but the wretched moaning of the wind.

But after a moment Marland started back with a cry of horror.

"Great heavens, Tom come here—come here!" he exclaimed.

Tom rushed to the spot where his companion stood holding aloft his lantern; and there, on the rotting floor, he saw a horrible sight.

It was the shrunken body of a lad some sixteen years of age, whose face had been completely eaten away by rats.

Just above his head, against the rotten planking of the wall, was a piece of paper, upon which were scrawled the words:—

"ROBERT THURLOW,

"Aged 16,

"Murdered on the night of the — of —, by — and —."

The other words had been scratched and torn away by the sharp teeth of the rats; and there was not the slightest chance of deciphering them.

The two boys knelt at the side of their unfortunate companion, and, with tears in their eyes, offered up a silent prayer.

Then they rose, and sat over by the window dragging a piece of sacking over the body to shunt out the wretched sight.

"What is to be done?" asked Marland, "this affair quite bewilders me."

"I don't know what to do," said Tom Rattletrain; "I think the police ought to know about this certainly, but how can we give information without compromising ourselves?"

"We had better write an anonymous letter and put it in the police-box as we go along," said Marland, "no one will see us, and no one, I know, will ever know my handwriting."

"Very well," said Tom, "very well; here's a paper and pencil—fire away! and so that if you're found out, and had up, they shan't put it all upon you, I'll write a part of it myself."

So, between them, the two boys wrote as follows:—

"To the Superintendent of Police,

"SIR,—

"If you send to the old mill on the waste-land you will find something which requires investigation. It points to a terrible murder, but the writers say no more for fear of implicating themselves in a matter of which they are innocent."

"Poor Boh!" murmured Tom Rattletrain, as he finished his part of the letter, "he deserved a better fate. No matter! he shall be avenged; for if any one knows the authors of his death it is I."

"We had better get away from here," said Marland; "I should never care to enter the place again."

The boys, with hearts far less light than they had entered the place, now crept down the

rotten staircase, and were soon hurrying along the highway.

They met with no further adventures, and finding the ropes just as they had left them, dangling in the dark night, they ascended to the tower, and made their way to their dormitory.

To dream of haunted mills, and galloping horses, and mummy-like corpses, and so forth.

To awake in the morning eager to learn the result of the letter which they had thrust into the police-box.

But no result came.

The police went to the haunted mill, but found nothing.

The body had gone, and the paper had been taken down from the wall, and all clue to the mystery of Boh Thurlow's death seemed to have disappeared.

* * * * *

"I say, Marland," said Tom Rattletrain, about a week after the affair at the mill, "touching those rosy apples."

"What rosy apples?"

"Why, Farmer Dohell's to be snre. Whose do you think?"

"What, are you still hankering after them?"

"Yes, I've seen them hanging like—oh! I don't know what, on the trees, and my mouth's been watering ever since."

"Well, what do you propose?" asked Marland.

"Do you intend making a raid upon them?"

"Just so, but in a novel way. Are there any of our fellows to be trusted?"

"Why?"

"Because I can give them a feed for nothing, if they like to come."

"Well, there's little Charlie Tomson—you can trust him."

"All right then."

"Then there's Boh West."

"Very well."

"And Alfred Baker."

"All right."

"But stop! How many more? You won't be able to feed all the school."

"Well, there are a good many apples on a tree."

"Yes, but we shall be found out before we can strip a tree," cried Marland. "I shall begin to believe, Tom Rattletrain, that you're going off your chump."

Tom laughed loudly.

"Well, you'll say differently when you find what I'm up to," said he. "You'll have the whole tree to yourselves, only it won't be in Farmer Dohell's garden."

"Very good, I'm in for it, as usual," said Marland. "Shall I tell the fellows?"

"Yes, when you like."

"And when and where are we to meet?"

"Up at the turn in the lane going towards the waste lands. The time nine o'clock."

"But how are we going to get out—such a lot of us?"

"That's easy. When we're dismissed, we can let ourselves down as before."

"And tell our secret to every one."

"No, no; we can descend from the window of the dormitory."

"Very good; get everything prepared, and I'll tell the chaps," said Marland; "though what you mean to do, and how you mean to do it, is a perfect mystery to me."

"You'll see, my hoy, all in time. Marshal our forces, and off we go."

At the exact hour the boys, having successfully made their escape from the house, met at the turn of the cross-road.

No delay was made.

Keeping well under the shadow of the wall, they hurried along as noiselessly as possible, and were not long before they reached the region of the devoted apple-tree.

"And now," exclaimed Marland, "now what are we to do? Climb over?"

"No, no, you must not be too near," cried Tom, excitedly, "no, no. I'm going over, but you must remain yonder, out of danger, on the moond."

There was no time to ask any explanation in regard to Tom Rattletrain's words.

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 362.)

NAUTICAL YARNS.

BY HARRY HAWSER.

THE SHARK;

OR,

THE TREACHEROUS DOCTOR.

IN the spring of the year eighteen hundred and three England once again declared war against her hereditary enemy, France.

Ships were commissioned and fitted out, and fleets collected, while Lord Nelson was given the command of the Mediterranean Squadron.

Among the other craft belonging to the fleet under his charge was a ship-rigged corvette, named the *Cornelian*.

She was under the command of as brave a man as ever stepped in shoe-leather, Captain Davis—Harry Davis.

Nelson knew the craft and also her commander, and many a smart little job did he detail him for.

But unfortunately the French fleet was safe in Toulon harbour, and so well did they know their inferiority to us, that although they were far superior both in numbers and in strength, yet they were too wise to venture out.

Nobody who has not gone through it can imagine the misery of forming one of a blockading squadron.

For week after week standing in to the land and then out again, with nothing to eat but salt provisions and hard biscuit, every day going through the same performance of making sail and heaving to, tacking, wearing, and shortening sail, and all for nothing.

You know that the enemy is there, but you can't get at him.

The ship's company of the *Cornelian* were all a fine strapping set of fellows.

And the officers, with one exception, set a good example to the men, and were liked by the crew and by one another.

We say with one exception, and this was the surgeon in charge, Doctor Castalo.

This gentleman was a foreigner who had been brought up and educated in England.

He always said he was a Portuguese, but those who distrusted him had reasons for doubting this.

He was a tall thin man, very dark, with black curly hair and whiskers, and a peculiar expression in his eyes, which gave any one talking to him the impression that he was endeavouring to deceive him.

After a few weeks service with the blockading fleet Captain Davis was signalled for one morning by Admiral Nelson.

The galley was manned, and in a short time he was on board the flagship, the *Victory*.

Nelson took him below into his cabin, and gave him some orders and directions, which were evidently intended to be private, for as Davis was going towards the gangway to regain his boat the admiral said—

"Take care, Davis, you don't lose the key to the cipher, or you will not be able to make out the papers."

"All right, my lord," replied the captain; "I will give you a good account in a month, or my widow shall apply for her pension."

So saying he jumped into his boat and returned on board the *Cornelian*.

All sail was quickly made, the helm was put up and by noon the smart corvette was out of sight.

That evening the captain entertained some of his officers at dinner, amongst whom was the doctor.

After the first course, when conversation became more general, Castalo observed—

"By the manner in which you carried that bundle of papers, Captain Davis, when you returned, I presume they were valuable."

"They were valuable, Doctor Castalo," replied the captain, dryly. "And what is more they were private."

"They might have been bank-notes by the way you held them," returned the doctor, with a sneer. "But, pardon me, sir, I did not inquire what they were."

"It would have been all the same if you had, doctor," answered Davis; "for being private and confidential I could not have told you."

It was in vain that the doctor tried to hide his rage and mortification at this reply.

A black venomous look of hatred appeared and scintillated in his eyes, thence spreading over his face; this he partially succeeded in cancelling by swallowing a glass of wine. The conversation then turned upon the probability of war being shortly declared with Spain, and then after awhile, the guests having finished their wine, all retired.

The next morning the captain suffered from shooting pains in the head, and sending for the doctor, he described the symptoms, and asked for a dose of quinine, believing that the headache was but the precursor of fever.

This Castalo readily promised, and hurried away to procure it.

In a few minutes he returned, and handed Davis a glass containing the medicine.



THE "CORNELIAN" UNDER FULL SAIL.

The captain gulped it down, and then by the medical man's advice went to bed.

The draught appeared to have a drowsy effect upon him, for in a few minutes after lying down he went off to sleep.

All the time he was asleep he suffered from the most terrible dreams.

A regular succession of nightmares assailed him in connection with the secret despatches and papers entrusted to him by Lord Nelson.

Suddenly he awoke, dripping wet with perspiration, feeling very languid and weak, and, in fact, thoroughly exhausted, both in mind and body.

All at once, however, he heard a sound that brought back a portion of his wonted energy.

He heard a rustle of papers in the ante-cabin.

In an instant he remembered that he had left them out there locked up in his desk.

The next moment he sprang from his cot, and made towards the door.

The exertion, however, was too much for him, and he fell prostrate to the deck.

He was raised by Dr. Castalo, who came out of the fore cabin immediately he heard the fall.

"Was—there—any—one—else—in—there—with—you—doctor?" gasped the captain.

"No, Captain Davis," replied the doctor, as he assisted the other to stand.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because—I—heard—some—papers—move," answered Davis.

"Ah, very like the wind," said the doctor.

"Now you had better get back into your cot."

"No, no," replied the captain, and in spite of all

the doctor's persuasions he would not return, but insisted upon entering the fore cabin.

Evidently much against his desire, Castalo assisted Davis in the cabin and up to his desk.

It was unlocked.

Opening it the captain perceived that the papers had been moved since he had placed them there, and had apparently all been thrown back in a hurry.

Taking them up in his hand he turned round and looked Castalo full in the face.

The doctor stood it for a moment and then quavered and broke down, his eyes fell to the deck, his cheeks grew livid, and he said in a confused tone of voice,—

"You had better come back, Captain Davis, this draught here will do you no good, allow me to assist you."

"Now, I will return, Doctor Castalo," said Davis, and in a few minutes he was once more in his cot.

He had no doubt whatever but that the doctor had been reading, perhaps copying, his despatches, but he had no possible proof, and no means of ascertaining for certain.

His head was so bad, and he felt so confused that it was with great difficulty he could join two consecutive thoughts.

Presently he rang his bell.

His private servant appeared in answer to it.

"Martin," said the captain, "I can trust you and old Tom Collins, the coxswain of my galley. Now I want you two to take watch and watch with me.

"You see these papers, I shall put them under the pillow-case—so; and if I sleep don't you allow any one to come near me."

"I can't trust that scamp of a steward of mine, and I have reasons to believe that the doctor is just as high a rogue."

The man was only too pleased with the confidence reposed in him, and set to work at once.

In about half an hour the doctor sent in another dose of medicine for the sick man.

But somehow or other the captain had his suspicions, so he sent his servant for a large tom cat belonging to the purser's steward.

When Martin returned with it, they managed between, despite the poor animal's kicks and struggles, to force the dose down its throat.

The poor beast gave one convulsive kick and died.

"So I thought," said Davis, "all the rest that he sends you bottle and keep, Martin."

"And now open me a bottle of claret, and let me have a nice cold glassful."

The next morning Mount Vesuvius was in sight, and before the evening they were at anchor off Naples.

Davis was much better, and getting stronger every hour, but he was still rather weak.

After making a fair dinner, he had gone off to sleep, watched by his servant.

All at once he was awakened, and saw Martin standing in front of him, with his finger upon his lips.

Following the man's signs, he rose from the cot, and approached the scuttle hole that had been opened in the stern to permit the air to have free access to the cabin.

Directly he drew near he heard voices whispering in French, his voice he was certain was that of the doctor.

"Then you have the copy of these secret papers," said a strange voice, which, from the washing of the water, seemed to be in a boat under the counter.

"Oh, yes," answered the doctor, "and a lot of other papers which you can have at the usual price."

"Oh, yes, that is all very well, but how do I know they are worth it?"

"I have worked for you for five years," replied the medical scoundrel. "Have I ever deceived or cheated you?"

"No my worthy spy, that is true, you have always found it to your interest to serve us well. So go and get your papers, you shall have the money." The doctor re-ascended to the deck whence he went below to his cabin.

He had just taken up a small leathern portfolio, when half a dozen marines, headed by the first lieutenant entered his cabin.

"Ah!" exclaimed he. "Discovered? Well here goes the evidence."

And so saying, he forced the portfolio through the scuttle and overboard.

Seeing that he was in safe custody, the first lieutenant rushed on deck and commenced searching for the leathern case.

Just as he discovered it floating on the water, with a rapid dash it was seized and bolted by a shark.

Knowing the value of the evidence the papers would afford, for a moment the officer was dumfounded.

Then at once jumping at a happy idea, he sent for the boatswain and issued his orders.

In another five minutes, a hook baited with a piece of pork, made fast to a bit of half-inch rope was towing overboard.

At first it seemed hopeless. Then all at once, there was the same rapid rush, the rope tautened, and the shark was hooked.

The watch soon had him on deck, where a few blows over the tail from the carpenter's adze finished him off. He was soon slit open and there hardly in his stomach was the leathern case.

In this was found abundant evidence of the doctor's treachery.

The captain soon recovered and performed his mission from the admiral, whatever it might have been, and in a week the *Cornelian* was returning to the fleet, bearing Doctor Castalo in irons to be tried by court martial.

But such was not destined to be his fate, by some means or other he contrived to gain possession of a bottle of Prussic Acid, with which he terminated his wicked existence. A fit end for a treacherous doctor.

LARRY O'KEEFE,

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG.

AUTHOR OF THE HARKAWAY STORIES.

CHAPTER XIV.

DEATH OF O'HALLORAN.

PLACING him on the ground, Mike examined him by the light of a lamp, and found that there was evidently strong internal hemorrhage.

In fact the man was bleeding to death, without there being any possibility of stopping the flow of blood.

A purple froth stained his lips, and at times the blood welled up in his throat with such force as to threaten to choke him.

In vain Mike urged him to speak. He could obtain no information from him.

"I'll not spako 'ceptin' to his riverince," said O'Halloran,

"Perhaps you won't live so long. It'll be an hour or more before Father Barry arrives," replied Mike.

"If the praste, God bless him for a holy man, does not come, an' I die without benefit of clargy, my blood will be on your heart. Oh! holy Mary! the pain of it! Ah, Mistor Mike, the Sullivans are a bloody race."

Mike bit his lips; he could not answer and argue with a dying man, more especially with one who had fallen by his hand.

The time passed drearily, and O'Halloran's eyes began to assume that peculiar glassy hue which is indicative of approaching death.

A convulsive tremor shook his frame.

His hands moved as if clutching at some invisible object.

"They're coming for me," he murmured, faintly.

"I see them, all black—black—black."

These were his last words.

Eric Father Barry arrived on his errand of mercy, the wretched man's spirit had winged its flight and he died without the consolation of religion.

While this tragedy was being enacted below, the state of affairs was scarcely better above.

Mrs. Sullivan went from one fit into another, and it was deemed advisable to send for the doctor.

Mike walked up and down the hall, chafing with impatience.

Meanwhile, Mr. Sullivan, after a long and difficult walk, arrived at the hotel in which Shan Van Voght was known to reside.

It was deserted.

An examination of the place showed that it had been tenanted that night, for some turf was smouldering in a corner where a few bricks did duty as a fireplace. The fragments of some bread and cheese were found in a cupboard, and on a roughly-made deal table was half a bottle of whisky and a broken glass.

The bird had flown.

They waited there till morning, but Shan did not make his appearance.

He was evidently too wary to be caught so easily as they thought.

At length, weary and worn out, Mr. Sullivan and his men retraced their steps.

He went to Cashelchory in the morning and informed the police of the occurrence.

Mike the Mischief was arrested for the homicide of O'Halloran, but immediately admitted to bail, as the killing was perfectly justifiable, and there was no doubt that the jury would bring in a verdict to that effect.

Every effort was made to capture Shan Van Voght, and a search was made for Larry.

Nothing, however, could be seen or heard of either of them.

O'Keefe, when applied to, declared that Larry had not been near his house since the day he took him up to work in the bank.

A guard was placed over Shan Van Voght's house by the police authorities.

This, however, was productive of no result during the entire day, and it appeared as if Shan had left that part of the country.

It was doubtful whether Mr. Sullivan could fix the abduction of his child on Shan unless the boy was actually found in his possession.

Yet Larry's disclosure would justify the police in holding him, pending investigation, if they could get hold of him.

Mrs. Sullivan was very ill and her agitation at the loss of her only child confined her to her bed.

The banker was so agitated that he could not eat or sleep, and in the afternoon he mounted his horse and set out alone to scour the country in search of Shan.

CHAPTER XV.

LARRY MAKES A DISCOVERY.

LARRY O'KEEFE went away from the hedge side chuckling to himself at the plight he had left Mr. Gillhooley in.

"Sure it wasn't my fault," he muttered. "How could I help the horses—had cess to them—tumbling the rattle-trap old coach in the ditch? I'll go back to fishin'. Seems to me that town-life don't suit me. Come over the hedge, indade, an' he'd break ivry bone in my skin—divil doubt him. He's awful, is Mistor Gillhooley, whin he gets his temper up, but I don't want any bones bruck at prisint, an' he can go elsewhere."

With this conclusion on his lips, Larry started over the fields, falling over stones and tumbling into dykes until he was sore all over.

At length to his great delight the moon rose.

"Thanks he to God for an iligant moon this night," he said. "Now I'll see where I'm goin'."

By degrees he recognized the country through which he was travelling and found that he was not far from Shamus O'Brien's shebeen.

"Shamus niver harmed a mouse or hurted any one he knew, unless it was a gauger," he said to himself. "I wonder if he'll let a poor boy sleep on his flure? Sure it's worth axin' for, an' me dog tired."

Larry made his way to the house in which was a light.

He was tolerably certain, and determined to look about him before he entered.

"Maybe the boys are enjoyin' themselves," he thought.

He went to the window and tried to look in, but without being able to do so, as the blind was down. At length he determined to risk it.

He lifted the latch, and throwing open the door, stepped in.

Two men were seated before the fire.

One was Shamus O'Brien and the other Shan Van Voght.

Shan started up with an oath, and taking off his coat, tried to throw it over something on the floor.

He was too late, however.

"Oh, the saints defend us!" cried Larry.

His eyes had fallen on the body of a child, which had a dagger sticking up in its flesh.

This dagger had penetrated the heart, and the child, as a natural consequence, was stone-dead.

Though Larry had not been long at Mr. Sullivan's house, he recognized the child as his.

Shan had kept his oath of vengeance in a terrible manner.

O'Brien remained perfectly quiet; he was smoking a short clay pipe, black with use and cracked with age; whisky was on the table, and his weather-beaten face was flushed with the enjoyment of it, as was that of his companion.

Neither was exactly sober, though the strong passions of Shan, and the excitement under which he laboured, did not allow the liquor to tell so much on him as on the other.

"You'd better have stepped into your grave, Larry," exclaimed Shan Van Voght, "than have come here."

"How's that?" asked Larry, trembling in spite of himself.

"Haven't you seen too much?"

Here Larry's sense came to his aid, and he replied:

"Sure an' I won't tell anybody what I've seen, Shan. It's a dead child, isn't it?"

"Yes. How did it die?"

"By the looks of it, I'd say it was kilt."

"Murdered you mane! Well, you're not far wrong, and now—don't let me hear the word of a lie. Who's child is it?"

Larry hesitated.

"That's enough! You know! I believe to my heart that night you were outside of my house you overheard what I said. Now pay attention; by the virtue of your oath, don't you know whose child it is?"

"Mistor Sullivan's!" replied Larry.

He saw that it was useless to trifle with Shan, and that the best way to save his life was to be truthful.

"You know, on course, that he could hang me if he knew all?"

"I do."

"Then don't you think you have come at an unreasonable time? You're always blundering about whin yez ought to be in bed."

"If I promise that I'll nivir brathe a word to a livin' soul, will you let me go?" asked Larry.

Shan Van Voght reflected a moment.

"I don't want innocent blood on my hands," he exclaimed; "at the same time I want to save my own neck."

"That's nat'ral," said O'Brien.

"In killing this child, I only revenged the wrong the Sullivans have done me. Haven't they made me what I am, with their unjust laws? Begorra, Shamus, my blood boils when I think of it!"

"Shmall wondher," replied O'Brien, who evidently sympathized with him.

"If you'll undertake, Shamus, to kape Larry hero till sundown to-morrow, I'll have time to get away. There's a strange schooner off the coast, the *Jessie Hoyt*, sho's called, and they say she's bound for Ameriky. I'm off in her, but I'll kape hid here till to-morrow afternoon."

"Larry's a good boy, and he'll stay with me won't you, Larry?" said O'Brien.

"Yes," replied Larry. "I'm no informer. The child's kilt, an' it's botwane Shan and his conscience."

"I trust you, hboy," exclaimed Shan. "But if you git out of our sight half a dozen yards, you're as dead as any of the squire's rabbits when I have had a chance to fire at them."

"Shan," replied Larry, "I've towld you I won't inform, an' that's enough."

"Not for me. Down on your knees an' swear."

"Swear what?"

"Down, I say!"

Larry sank on his knees.

"Now, say afther me, 'By my hopes of heavin and as my Makber hears me, I swear I'll never in-

form against Shan Van Voght about his killing of Mr. Sullivan's child."

Larry repeated these words.
"Make the sign of the cross."

The boy did so.

"That's bindin'. You'll have no luck even if I shouldn't kill you, if you tried to break that oath," exclaimed Shan.

Larry rose to his feet, and turned his eyes away from the dead child.

"He don't like the look of it," said O'Brien.

"We'll put it out of sight mighty quick," answered Shan. "The moon's up, an' I want it to be afther midnight before I dig the grave."

"Wonder where O'Halloran is!" remarked O'Brien.

"I'm afraid he's dead. I heard a shot fired as I ran away wid the child," replied Shan.

"If he was only wounded, an' should peach?" suggested O'Brien.

"Not he. O'Halloran's made of botther shuff than that. He'd niver give a man to the gallows."

"I'm thinkin' that came meself."

"Where did you spring from?" asked Shan, looking at Larry.

"Been to the squire's."

"Where?"

"To Mr. Sullivan's. I'm working now for O. Grady, who keeps the hotel at Cashelbory, and they sint me to drive Mr. Gillhooley, and, when I came back, I hed the had lock to upset the coach in the ditch, an' bedad, when he said he'd break ivery hone in me skin, I thought that I'd be consiltin' my own interest if I kept clear of him, so I n came over here."

"An' did you lave him in the road?"

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Larry," said O'Brien, "you're one of those ganiuses that will come in a had end some day."

"I can't help me mishtake, can I? Didn't the great Napoleon make a mishtake when he lost the battle of Waterloo?"

O'Brien laughed.

"You've got the mekin' of a man in you," he replied. "But, be jabers, you're soft in some things. Throw yourself down in the corner, on the prat, and go to slape."

Larry was very tired, and he did not hesitate to obey this order.

The men watched him curl himself up, and they began to drink more heavily than before.

Half an hour might have passed when Larry, who was half asleep and half awake, heard Shan say:

"It is time."

O'Brien produced a pick and shovel, with which they went outside.

Actuated by an irresistible curiosity Larry approached the window, and putting the shade aside, looked out.

They were digging a grave.

He knew well enough for whom it was intended.

Sick at heart with this terrible secret, he crept back again to the heap of turf, and tried to sleep, but he could not.

He saw the wild, wicked men come in again, and bear away the little corpse.

The child was deposited in the grave, the earth was rudely flung in on the top of it, trodden down, and all was still.

Once more the two men were in the room, and once more they had recourse to whisky to drown their cares.

O'Brien had no hand in the murder, but he evidently thought that Shan was justified in what he had done, because he had been turned out of possession of his land.

At length Larry sank into an uneasy slumber, from which he was roused by high words between the two men.

"What do you say?" cried Shan, angrily.

"I tell you that you are no man to kill a child," replied O'Brien. "Why didn't you shoot Sullivan?"

"Because then he'd be out of his meery, an' now he'll have it life-long," was the answer.

"I'm no child-killer," continued O'Brien.

"Och! by the eternal powers, I can kill men, if that's what you mane!" shouted Shan.

"Bedad, an' it would take a hether man than you to kill me!"

"Don't you dare me, Shamus O'Brien."

"Oh! I haven't lived all these years widout larnin' somethin', Shan Van Voght."

Both of the men were inflamed with whisky, and

it seemed as if a desperate fight was about to ensue between them.

Larry dare not move.

Even if he had interfered, he could have done no good, so he lay trembling in his roush bed, and watching them with one eye open without moving.

"Maybe they'd kill me," he muttered. "Oh! it's awful whin men get loike that."

"Shan," exclaimed O'Brien, "I was niver afraid of any livin' man, and, by thunder, I'm not going to begin wid you."

"Come on, and hurrah for Cashelbory!" replied Shan.

Maddened with the liquor he had consumed, O'Brien snatched up a blackthorn stick and rushed upon Shan, who, relying upon his fists, stood on the defensive.

"Take a stick," exclaimed O'Brien; "there's plenty in the corner."

"My fists are good enough for you," replied Shan. "Dogs like to be hit, and it don't matter whether you kick or hate them."

"Hark at the hard words he's givin' me," said O'Brien. "Aren't you ungrateful, an' me givin' ye the shelter an' the help whin I could put the hangman's rope round your neck!"

"You could, eh?"

"Don't you know it?"

"If you talk like that I'll begin to think you mane to."

"An' what if I do?"

"I've dug one grave to-night, perhaps I'll have to dig another," replied Shan significantly.

"Won't one murder in a night satisfy you?" said O'Brien.

Shan was equally maddened with O'Brien, and without any warning he drew a sharp knife.

"Stand back," he shouted.

"Not me," replied O'Brien, who rushed upon him, striking him over the head with a stick.

The blood flowed from the wound, but Shan did not reel; his head was hard, and O'Brien might as well have hit a rock.

But the blow increased his fury.

His appetite seemed to feed with what it grew on, and, uttering a hoarse cry, he precipitated himself upon his opponent, plunging the deadly knife up to the haft in his breast.

O'Brien fell without a cry.

"More blood, more blood!" laughed Shan, with the air of a maniac.

There is no doubt that his wrongs had preyed upon his mind for so long that he was really insane.

A strange light danced in his eyes.

He stooped down, and drawing the knife out, again and again plunged it into O'Brien's body.

He resumed his chair, and pouring out a heavy drink of whisky, he muttered "that's me."

For Larry this was a night of horrors.

He dared scarcely breathe, fearing that his turn would come next.

Fortunately for him, however, Shan appeared to have forgotten all about him.

Presently he went out with the pick-axe and shovel, and by the pale light of the moon dug another grave.

It was nearly daybreak by the time he had finished his work.

The grey dawn was showing itself in the East, and cast a sepulchral light upon the dead body of O'Brien as it was dragged by its murderer to the hole, into which it was tumbled roughly.

When Shan came back after burying O'Brien, he took another drink.

Then his head fell on his shoulder and he slept.

Larry had watched him carefully all the time, and seeing that he was, as he supposed, asleep, he got up.

What should he do?

Whither should he go?

It was dangerous to stop in that accursed place, for he had witnessed another murder, and Shan Van Voght might deem it necessary to slay him, for his own safety's sake.

He resolved to escape.

With this end in view he went towards the door. The sound of footsteps, however, had the effect of rousing Shan, who glared angrily at him.

It is said that the wicked sleep badly, and that they never know the blessing of sound slumber.

Be this as it may, the faint sound of his footsteps had the effect of awakening Shan, as we have said.

What should he do?

Whither should he go?

It was dangerous to stop in that accursed place, for he had witnessed another murder, and Shan Van Voght might deem it necessary to slay him, for his own safety's sake.

He resolved to escape.

With this end in view he went towards the door. The sound of footsteps, however, had the effect of rousing Shan, who glared angrily at him.

It is said that the wicked sleep badly, and that they never know the blessing of sound slumber.

Be this as it may, the faint sound of his footsteps had the effect of awakening Shan, as we have said.

What should he do?

Whither should he go?

It was dangerous to stop in that accursed place, for he had witnessed another murder, and Shan Van Voght might deem it necessary to slay him, for his own safety's sake.

He resolved to escape.

With this end in view he went towards the door. The sound of footsteps, however, had the effect of rousing Shan, who glared angrily at him.

"To get a drink of water," replied Larry.

"Take some whisky instead," said Shan pointing to the bottle.

"I don't use it," answered Larry.

Shan rubbed his eyes.

"Where's O'Brien?" he asked

"I haven't seen him," replied Larry, trembling.

"You lie!" thundered Shan. "He couldn't have gone out of here without awakin' one of us."

"Truse as I live, I haven't set eyes on him this long time," said Larry.

"When did you see him last?"

This question was a difficult one to answer, but Larry was equal to the occasion.

"When he was talkin' to you!" he replied.

"An' whin was that?"

"Before I fell asleep."

Shan Van Voght uttered a grunt of dissatisfaction, but did not seem inclined to hurt Larry.

"He's gone out on some business in the town," he said, "that's what I think. He said he had to see a man about buying a cow, an' that he'd have to be out airly, an' also, that we might not expect him until late in the day."

"Yes sir."

"Jest you lie down agin, an' whin I tell you, it'll be time to make the tay for breakfast," continued Shan.

Larry knew that his life depending upon humouring Shan Van Voght at this juncture, and he did not hesitate to do as he was told.

It is needless to say that he knew no more sleep that night.

He pretended to close his eyes, but he was watching Shan through his eyelids as a cat watches a mouse.

About eight o'clock Shan awoke with a start, and ordered Larry to get the breakfast ready.

Larry searched all over the house, but found nothing available, except a loaf of stale bread and some tea in a paper.

"Go out and kill a chicken, pluck it and roast it," said Shan.

Larry did as he was told, and in an hour's time a good breakfast was ready.

But Shan's stomach loathed the sight of food; he could not eat a mouthful, and his bleared eyes and parched lips told the tale of his excess.

Larry, however, did ample justice to the meal, as the pile of chicken-bones testified.

Shan drank several cups of tea, qualifying them with whisky.

"Tay goes down good in the mornin'," he remarked.

"There's nothin' like it, 'cept milk," answered Larry.

"Has O'Brien been back yet?"

"No, sir," replied Larry, with a shudder he could not repress.

"Just as I towld you. He won't be home till night."

Larry felt glad that Shan did not suspect him of knowing the truth, for, had he done so, he would no doubt have made away with him as the witness of his crime.

After a pause, Shan exclaimed,—

"I'm goin' to quit livin' here!"

"It isn't much of a place, wid the hard times an' the landlord" replied Larry.

"That's jist it," answered Shan. "I'm off to Ameriky, where a man can own his bit of land widout being imposed upon."

"But not widout payin' for it," replied Larry.

"Who says I wouldn't have paid if Sullivan had given me time? It's time a poor man wants. Didn't I improve the land, and hadn't I to lave it because I was a few months behind wid the rent? Sure the rich can wait for the poor."

"But they won't; that's the throuble," said Larry.

"No matter. It's done wid now. I'll start agin," replied Shan, with a philosophic air. "How would you like to come with me?"

"Where?"

"To the New World."

"How are you going?"

There's a ship lyin' off the coast called the *Jessie Hoyt*. She's a Yankee, and I saw one of her officers yesterday. He offered me a berth aboard her if I liked to ship."

"I don't mind goin'," replied Larry, who was determined to humour him in all he said.

"I'll spake for you, if you come down wid me after sunset," said Shan.

Their conversation was interrupted by the en-



"HOLD THIS, LARRY; AND MIND YEZ DON'T RUN AWAY, OR BE GORRA I'LL MURTHUR YEZ," SAID SHAN VAN VOGHT.

trance of two of O'Brien's friends, who wanted to be served with liquor.

They were well acquainted with Shan, and readily accepted his explanation that O'Brien had gone to Cashelgory on some business, and that he was left in charge of the sheehen.

Larry was watched carefully by Shan, and not allowed any chance to run away.

Several times he attempted to get clear of the cottage, but Shan's voice called him back.

It was evident that Shan was suspicious of him, and intended to keep him with him until he got on board the ship, if he did not in the end take him with him.

Larry was determined not to go to sea if could help it, and hoped that an opportunity would soon offer itself for him to escape.

He wanted to go back to O'Keefe's and see how poor Kathleen was getting on.

All his sympathies were with her, and he had seen so much of the sea with the fisherman he called father, that the briny ocean was no novelty to him.

So the day passed on.

A long, weary, and, to Larry, interminable day, during which several men dropped in, had drinks and went away again.

The afternoon came, and Larry became impatient.

"Can't I go home yet?" he asked of Shan, when they were alone.

"Not yet."

"I want to see father and Kathleen."

"Didn't you say you'd go to say wid me?" asked Shan.

"Yon axed me to, but I didn't say yes or no."

"Will ye?"

"I'd rather go home."

"Go home and be hanged to you!" replied Shan. "But you'll have to wait till I lave here. I promised O'Brien that I'd wait till sundown."

"It's not much longer you'll have to wait then," answered Larry.

"Bedad, the sooner the better will suit me," replied Shan.

He took another drink of whisky, and his legs rolled a little, making it evident that excitement, want of rest and dissipation were beginning to tell upon him.

Larry waited for him to make a move with the utmost impatience.

The suspense of being kept waiting was almost intolerable.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CLIMAX—DAGOBERT AT WORK.

WEARILY passed the day for Larry.

He had no possible chance of escaping, for the vigilant eye of Shan Van Voght was upon him—that murderous eye that had gazed without flinching on the spilling of so much blood within twenty-four hours, and which was to gaze unmoved on more ere the sun sank to rest in its golden splendour.

At length Shan arose.

"It's time to go now," he exclaimed. "We'll lose those sailor fellows I spoke of, and, bedad, I wouldn't like to do that."

Larry arose with a heavy sigh.

Whether his destiny was carrying him he knew not, but this he knew, he could not fight against it.

Better life, under any circumstances, in a foreign land, under the harsh tyranny of a man like Shan, than a horrible, sudden, and premature death.

For that Shan would kill him if he thwarted his will, he did not doubt for a moment.

His would have liked to say farewell to O'Keefe and his wife, to thank them for all their kindness to him, a poor foundling, the sport of the waves, the unknown and friendless child of the ocean, and to kiss poor dear little blind Kathleen goodbye.

But it could not be.

Stern fate was urging him on, and which of us can resist his fate?

"You see," continued Shan, "that O'Brien's got on a bit of a spree, and likely enough he'll not be home for some time yet, so I'll just shut up the place an' put the key over the door, where he told me, in case he was late."

"Yes," replied Larry, laconically.

Shan locked the door and placed the key where he had suggested, after which he struck out for the seashore, with Larry by his side.

"It's a glorious life, they say," he exclaimed.

"That's what folks have always towld me, and if ye sthaye home all yer life what do you see of the world?"

"Perhaps you're no better for seeing it," replied Larry.

"It opens your mind, so' I'm informed that in Ameriky yer all free—there's no grindin' of the poor hy landlords, no imprisonment for killin' game, an' you can pick up a fortune aisy inside of tin years."

"It's a great place intirely if that's true."

"We'll thry it anyway, an' if it ain't to our liking we can but come back agin," answered Shao.

They had not gone a hundred yards from the cottage of the unfortunate O'Brien when their progress was brought to an abrupt termination by a voice, which exclaimed:

"Halt!"

Shan and Larry came to a full stop.

Before them, on a high-spirited horse, was the tall, well-known form of Mr. Sullivan.

He was very pale, and his red, swollen eyes and perched and quivering lips told the tale of a sleepless night of a day of anxious search for the abductor of his child.

"What do you sthoph me for?" asked Shan insolently.

"To ask you a question which you will do well to answer truthfully, or the law will make you repent of it."

"Haven't I as much right on the high road as you?"

"Certainly."

"Where's your warrant for my arrest?" demanded Shan.

"I have none."

"Thin git out of my way, or hegorra, Squire Sullivan, it'll be you that'll repent long before, I'm thinking, or drammin' of that same."

"Shan Van Voght," exclaimed Mr. Sullivan.

"That's me name an' me father's before me, the saints he praised, an' I'm not ashamed of it."

"Where's my child?"

"What would I know of your child?" he replied with a hollow laugh.

"He has been carried off from my house, and there is grave suspicions that you have done it."

"Why would yon suspicion me?"

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 359.)

JACK IN THE JUNGLE; A TALE OF LAND AND SEA.

A SEQUEL TO "LION JACK."

By P. T. BARNUM.

CHAPTER I.

LION JACK RECEIVES AN INVITATION AND A LETTER FROM DR. MORTON.

THE "learned and scientific" have agreed with themselves to guess that the "far East is the cradle of the human race."

grow up fast, are wonderfully rich and luxuriant, and they decay and go to pieces about as fast, as soon as they have got their growth.

A region may be thickly populated to-day, and to-morrow a war, a pestilence, or a famine will sweep over it, and, before there is time for the world to find it out and change the maps and books about it, bushes, trees, shrubs, vines, all sorts of rank growth, will spring up, under the hot sun, over the deserted fields, the burned villages, and the ruined cities, and the old thing goes back to what men call a JUNGLE.

and August weather, and the rivers and mountains could hardly be dispensed with, but the average English hoy has plenty of imagination for all that.

He would have to remember, moreover, that the islands are just as old and as full of "jungle" as the mainland, and that some of these East Indian savages are very good sailors, while others are a good deal more than half civilized, in their way, and can do things that puzzle us.

It was of this wonderful Eastern world that Lion Jack was dreaming, the day after the *Spread Eagle*



"LION JACK" ASTONISHES THE SPECTATORS BY HIS MASTERLY HORSEMANSHIP.

Whether or not their guess is a correct one, there is no doubt that it is a very wonderful part of the world, and not the least curious feature is that some of what are called the "oldest" countries contain more wild and savage animals and more irreclaimably wild and savage men than even this very "new" western world.

The far East is made up, for the greater part, of tropical and semi-tropical countries, and empires and kingdoms there, with the single exception of China, which is unlike everything else in this world, seem to be a good deal like the vegetation. They

Think of the most tangled mass of second-growth timber, underbush, and wild raspberry vines you ever read of on an American hillside or swamp, make it a little thicker, in your imagination, turn a few large and well selected menageries loose in it, with as many dark-coloured but handsome-looking East Indian men and women as you like, and that would be an imitation of the real thing.

You would need a few ruins of temples and palaces, with here and there a huge and ugly idol, and some other things, with a great deal of July

sailed for home, as he sat on the rotten old pier at Port D'Urban, and tried to make believe that he was not at all lonely.

"I'm going there," he said to himself, at length, "and I mean to see all I can. Plenty of tigers, panthers, leopards, lions, elephants, and no end of curiosities. Some fighting, too, it may be, when I get there, but it will be a long time before Doctor Morton comes back for me, and what will I do with myself till then? I can study, for one thing, and improve myself. Then I must answer those letters—what a job that'll be! Let me see—I've turned

my seventeenth birthday, and I shall be nearly eighteen before we reach the East Indies. Little Maria will be quite a young lady before I get back, if I ever do. She must be over fourteen now, only you can't guess very closely at a girl's age. Hullo, who's coming?"

There were footsteps on the timbers behind him at that moment, and, the next, as the tall figure of Comanche came striding up beside him, he heard the cheery voice of Captain Grady himself sing out,—

"Is it here ye are, my hoy? I'd niver have found ye, but for your Indian there. I'm down to the coast on business, and I heard the expeditishin had sailed widout ye. Now I want ye to pack your traps and come back to Pietermaritzburg for a good time wid the garrison. There'll be plenty of hunting and fighting, and thin we're to have some queer fellows from the Cape for a day or two, and we'd be loet widout ye."

"Glad to see you, captain," said Jack, "hut who are your friends? Lion catchere?"

"More like heestle catchers, I take it," laughed the captain. "Bug-picklers of all nations, sent out by the learned societies to explore Africa, and their had luck has sent them to the Natal settle-ments. They've heard that the Matabele are out for blood and they don't know which way to turn. You come over and we'll send 'im clean back till the Cape. Sorra one of 'em's civilized enough to spake English, and I've no time to tache them. Come on, my boy, sure you're not going to waste yourself on this pier till the doecher gits back again."

"I'll come," exclaimed Jack. "Comanche, will you go with me?"

"Go anywhere wid young chief," gravely responded Comanche, in a tone of great respect, but still retaining his habitual dignity of manner.

"All right, then," interrupted the captain. "To tell the truth, Mr. Lyon, we all thought you belonged to the menagerie, and were going back with it, till this morning. Comanche has been showing me your horses and arms. 'Poa me sowl, I niver saw a botther outfit. Where were you going next?"

A sudden light flashed in on the mind of Lion Jack, helped not a little by a warning look from his Indian friend.

The English officers would never have invited a mere "circus-rider" to their own mess, but a young gentleman on his travels, with horses, guns, and money of his own, was quite a different matter, and they were glad to welcome him as an equal.

"But is it right? Is it fair?" he quickly asked himself. "I don't want to go in false colours. Yes, any boy is the equal of anybody else, so long as he behaves himself, and I'll do that. Besides, I am free and independent, riding my own horses and spending my own money. How did he come to give me that name? Comanche, I reckon. Well, it'll do as well as any other. It may be my own, for all I know."

Thoughts go a great deal faster than words can utter them or pens can write them, and Jack seemed only to have hesitated a moment before he answered:

"Then you don't know what Doctor Morton's plan is? Well, in due time he means to make a complete tour of the islands and the East Indies, nobody knows where, and I mean to see them with him. What do you think of that?"

"Think!" exclaimed the captain. "I think there's many an Earl's son would give a thousand pounds for the chance you have. I only wish it was mine."

"I'd not sell it for more than that," said Jack, with a laugh. "But I suppose you've no great amount of time to waste here, and I'd better be getting my traps together."

"If it's all the same to you, I wish you would," said the captain.

"Here goes, then," replied Jack; "but I must confess I have neither written my letters, counted my money, examined my animals, or done any other sensible thing this morning."

"Time you did, thin," exclaimed the captain, "and so I'll lave ye. If we could make a start in the cool of the evening now, it'd be all right."

So saying, the gallant officer turned leisurely away, whistling as he went, leaving Jack with Comanche.

The moment he was off the pier, the Indian held out a sealed letter to his young friend, saying,—

"Doctor Morton say, he give it to him till after shio sail."

Jack tore it open in a twinkling, and dropped on the end of the pier again to read it.

In a moment more he felt a good deal like crying, for the moment as he knew the doctor trusted him, he had hardly expected such a token of confidence as that letter contained.

It was a matter of course that the keen-minded "agent" should not wish to take any of the cargo back with him that he could help, but, to Jack's astonishment, he found that all the merchandise remaining in the old warehouse, to the amount of several thousands, had been left in his care, to trade with at his discretion.

Two of the best wagons, with their teams, and a liberal allowance of tools, etc., were also left him, with an order on a merchant of Pietermaritzburg for five hundred dollars for expenses.

After a great deal of advice, and expressing unlimited confidence and good-will, the letter closed with:

"Pick up all the rare specimens you can and charge them into the account as money, at a proper valuation. Make fifty per cent. at least, on all you sell. Sell everything clean out, and the owner will be satisfied. You will have a fair percentage for your share, and you can make a small fortune for yourself, besides."

Here was a windfall, indeed, and Jack determined that he would heat Doctor Morton's calculations all to pieces.

A quick walk brought them to the old warehouse, and on the way Comanche more than confirmed Jack's suspicions as to the representations he had made concerning the "young chief."

He had not, indeed, told any lies, but he had spoken of Jack in such terms of respect and deference as did not at all exaggerate his own feelings, while they conveyed quite a different impression to the mind of the captain.

"All I've got to do," thought Jack, "is only to make it true. He thinks I am a gentleman, so I will just be one. Then there will be no deception. As to my being independent, that's a fact, and I neither ask favours nor will take them."

It was a tremendous change of circumstances for a young fellow like Linn Jack, from the bound apprentice of Signor Antonio, Boh Casey, the trainer, to the welcome guest of the English officers at Pietermaritzburg, and the trusted agent of the great "owner" himself. He could hardly believe himself the same man.

Everything at the warehouse was in such perfect order that there was no difficulty, after finding a trusty young Dutchman to leave in charge of what was to remain in store, to pack the two wagons with an abundant cargo, get everything else ready, and "inspan" the teams.

Jack had his pick of the Caffre and Hottentot teamsters and herders who had been with the former expedition, and Skeleton Jake and Fat Pete took it for granted that their services would be required, marching off at the head of the line as naturally as if the outfit belonged to them.

Just as the sun was drawing near the western horizon, Captain Grady, followed by a squad of his red-coated horsemen, came entering up to Jack's quarters, and all his good breeding could not prevent him from expressing his surprise.

"What an outfit you've got, to be sure!" he exclaimed, as he glanced from one item to the other of the really remarkable affair.

"Isn't it?" replied Jack, coolly, and then he added. "You don't suppose I'm rich enough to go driving round the world regardless of my expenses, do you? If you do, it's a mistake. If I can leave Africa richer than I came to it, I mean to, that's all. The less I throw away, the farther I can travel."

"You've an old head for your years," responded the captain, as he looked straight into the handsome face and merry eyes of the young hero. "Come on, me hoy, wid me, and leave Comanche to bring along your wagons. He's a wonderful fellow, that same Indian friend of yours, and I like him."

Comanche heard the compliment in solemn silence, but he quietly assumed command of Jack's "illigant outfit," while its master galloped away with the dashing cavalry captain.

And so Lion Jack was fairly launched upon his new career in Africa.

CHAPTER II.

MADAM SHOWS A LIKING FOR JACK'S FRIEND.

ON the arrival of Doctor Morton at the termination of his long voyage, he found his employer preparing for his business season, but, as several weeks must elapse before the great menagerie started, the splendid assortment of wild animals which was the fruit of the expedition were put in safe keeping near the beautiful little city on the coast of the Sound, where the owner himself resided.

Here it was that Maria and her mother had an opportunity of examining the many proofs of the prowess of their young friend, and Doctor Morton took upon himself the pleasant duty of detailing to them the various incidents of Lion Jack's career in Africa.

In this he was assisted by Herr Berg himself, but, before they had told half their yarns, Maria asked,—

"And where are Jack's friends, Morillo and Comanche? That's Mustang Polo, yonder, I know, hut where are they?"

"Why," said the doctor, "Comanche would not leave him at all, and Morillo only came as far as the Cape of Good Hope. Where he is now, I can't say. That class of men are apt to be very independent in their movements. The *Spread Eagle* has gone back to New York to refit, and Captain Cary and Mr. Graham are still with her."

Maria's questions were plentiful enough, but she and her mother came more than once, and neither the Herr nor the doctor could spare much time for them, or anybody else, so that they were left a good deal to themselves.

As for the "owner," that very busy gentleman, polite as he was disposed to be, had affairs on his hands that made him not the easiest man in the world even to find, unless on a matter of business.

So it was that little Maria, who was growing less and less a girl and more and more a young lady, every day, would have been left to improve her acquaintance with "Madam" and the baby elephants very much in her own way, if it had not been for the attention of a young gentleman who was in temporary charge of some of the cages, and who professed to have been a close comrade of Lion Jack for many years.

A very smiling and obsequious young man was this, and who never seemed in tire of discussing the great African hunting expedition.

In fact, Maria, by the third time she met Mr. Daniel Casey, began to have a confused sort of idea that he must have been at least as near Jack as his shadow, during all or nearly all of his desperate adventures.

Not a very handsome fellow was Dan, but tall and well shaped and particularly "fine" in his style of dress as well as in the choice of his language.

One thing, however, Maria could not quite comprehend.

She herself had no manner of fear of Madam, and the old lady elephant would pick lumps of sugar or bits of cake from her fingers, and either eat them or give them to her children, in the most sociable and friendly manner.

Mr. Daniel Casey, however, accustomed as he was to the company and care of wild animals, no less than to the dangers of the African wilderness, seemed disposed to give Lion Jack's unwieldy pet a particularly wide berth, and was apt to find some good excuse for not coming too near her, even when in attendance on the ladies.

Perhaps Maria had too much of a habit of asking questions, but, at all events, she did ask Dan, one morning, as he stood a little behind her, wearing his very widest smile,—

"Are you afraid of Madam?"

"Afraid of her? No, indeed," exclaimed Dan, with a flush in his face; hut the African elephant, I assure you, is a remarkably capricious and uncertain sort of animal. It's hardly safe for you to approach her so freely as you do."

Dan had edged a little nearer as he spoke, whether from a feeling of shame or to look as if he meant to protect the ladies from any sudden outbreak of viciousness on the part of the very benevolent-looking elephant, hut Maria replied:

"Why she seems friendly enough. See, she lets me pat her on the trunk, and I'm sure she likes me."

Hardly were the words out of the merry maiden's mouth, hut she felt something irresistibly strong grasp her around the waist.

She was too much astonished even to cry out, though her mother screamed loudly enough, and Smiley Dan gave vent to a perfect yell, but the next moment Maria sat perched on the old lady's neck a good deal frightened, but not hurt the least.

Alas for Smiley Dan

He had momentarily forgotten his accustomed caution, and hardly had his yell died away on his lips before he was rolling over and over in the sawdust from the force of the cuff Madam gave him on the side of his head, while the latter gravely picked up his shining, new silk hat, crushed it out of shape under one of her feet, and contemptuously threw it after him.

"That's the fourth hat she's spoiled for me since we came ashore!" exclaimed the luckless youth, as he sprang to his feet.

"You seem to be more anxious about your hat than about the young lady," remarked a half-laughing voice behind them. "Well, Miss Maria, never mind your sudden elevation. She seems to recognize you as a friend of Jack's, and you're the first person she has permitted to take his place. Can I secure your services as *mahout*?"

It was no less a personage than the "owner" himself, and both Maria and her mother readily accepted his assurance that Madam's freak was only meant as a token of good will.

The young lady herself seemed to have plenty of courage and really to enjoy her adventure, for, under the owner's instructions, she actually guided Madam in quite a walk around the ring, and the latter finally obeyed Herr Berg's command to take his fair burden down from her somewhat uncomfortable perch.

As for Smiley Dan, as he went off after another hat, he saw his respected father, at a little distance, in conversation with a thin, dried-up-looking old gentleman, but he did not have an opportunity of overhearing them.

If he had, he might have been more than a little puzzled.

"No, Boh," remarked the old gentleman. "You're not entitled to any more pay at present. You did your best to get him back. I know you wrote him. It ain't your fault he didn't come in the *Spread Eagle*. He may be back any day. You've got all I mean to lay out on that turn till I'm sure he's not coming at all."

"Signor Antonio," did not seem at all pleased with the result of his evident demand for money, and he replied, half angrily,—

"Well, if I ain't writ him before, I will now. I nint't the man to be trifled with, nohow. I'm awfully hard up. Mehbe your wif'd do somethin' for me if I'd go to her."

This was more of a home thrust than Boh Casey himself was aware of, and the old gentleman winced under it.

"I'd like to know what she'd pay you for," he exclaimed. "She and Maria are in there now, with the elephant. Snppose you go and ask her? I'll go with you, if you like."

"Not exactly," said the trainer, "but I'll give you till to-morrow noon to make up your mind about it. What's more, if I write Lion Jack agin, I may have something to say to him that you wouldn't like."

Again the old gentleman winced, but money was money, in his eyes, and it was not until nearly the "next day at noon" that he had made up his mind to meet the financial views of his "black-mailing" acquaintance.

Once a man begins to pay money for evil, there's no telling how much that evil may call on him to pay, and Maria's mother's husband, for he was clearly not that young lady's father, was evidently beginning to make that unpleasant discovery.

The great menagerie what with the results of Doctor Morton's expedition and the enterprise of Carl Hagenheck, the Hamhurg merchant, was now in splendid condition, and never before had the people looked upon such a magnificent collection of the wonders of the brute creation.

The "season" was begun shortly, and promised to be all that the heart of the "owner" could wish.

He knew, however, that the best of wild beasts must die, in due time, and that their places would have to be filled by something better than their stuffed skins or their photographs.

He knew, too, that there were great regions yet to be ransacked for curiosities of all sorts, and that the very newest and best would make the strongest appeal to the minds of his great "constituency."

Doctor Morton was therefore instructed to go on with his preparations for another voyage, and to prepare for all sorts of emergencies.

The first had been every way so profitable, that the energetic "agent" was given full power to spend money and provide whatever he supposed might be of use.

This time, therefore, as before, the thoughtful doctor made his employer's eyes open wide at the kind of outfit he deemed suitable for a cruise for wonders in the land of the rising sun.

"Doctor," he said, one day, as he looked over a long account of purchases, "are you proposing to turn pirate, or are you fitting out a man-of-war?"

"Do you remember asking me if I meant to conquer Africa?" laughed the doctor in reply.

"Well," said the owner, "you told me you *might* find it necessary."

"And didn't I, pretty nearly?" said the doctor, "The British Government owe us a big premium for the work we did for them among the Zulus."

"I wish they'd pay it, then," replied the owner, with a smile. "Are you sure they won't be bringing in a bill against me for the Matabele killed? They claim them, you know."

"Then they ought to have had their lives insured," said Doctor Morton. "Anyhow, I mean to insure my life and those of my men against the cutlasses of Chinese pirates and the knives of the Malays. They'd better not meddle with the *Spread Eagle*, after my outfit is put on board of her."

"They make hot work, sometimes, even for government vessels, fully armed," remarked the owner, "and I can't give you a man-of-war's crew."

"So I've got to make up for that some other way," said Doctor Morton. "I tell you the decks of the *Spread Eagle* will be a dreadfully unhealthy place for anybody I don't care to have stay there."

CHAPTER III.

JACK ASTONISHES THE COMPANY.

It was clear enough that Captain Grady had taken a fancy to his young friend, and it was impossible for Jack to keep from liking the hearty and genial Irishman.

The train was left far behind by the time the captain called a halt and Jack found that the Dutch farm-house, at which they were to pass the remainder of the night, was much above the ordinary run in all that pertained to comfort.

He felt sure that Comanche, with Skeleton Jake and Fat Pete, were every way competent to bring his two wagons safely to Pietermaritzburg, and he gave himself up, for the time being, to the very new and pleasant sensation of being a gentleman of leisure, and a merchant on his own account. At the same time he determined that the other interests committed to his charge should not suffer for want of energy and attention on his part.

When the jovial and cheery little company again started in the cool of the morning, Jack found the captain specially desirous of "posting" him on matters at the garrison.

"Fact," exclaimed Grady, at last, "I'm half afraid ye'll find some inconvenience in one quarter, and I want to put ye on yer guard. It's not in our mess, exactly, but you know there's two companies of us. I'm the senior captain, and I'm in command, but I've an awful time of it wid my next in rank, Captain Grosvenor, of the other company. He's an Englishman, and the younger son of a lord, and he can't be gentleman enough to forget that same. There's good in him, only he nades a dale of tralain' to bring it out. It's rank and money put him where he is, and he thinks rank and money 'll do everything in this world. He hates Irishmen—that's me—and he hates Yankees. Now he can't trouble me altogether, for I'm his superior officer, and I could make things warm for him in more ways than one, but he'll be sure to be rude to yourself. Now, my boy, I don't want you to lose your temper, but I'd like it wonderful well, ave ye could take the consate out of him. Ye'd he doin' him the good turn for his whole life."

"I'll try," laughed Jack, "never fear my losing my temper. But then, if he is rude to me and I make replies, I want it understood that I mean no offence to any of the rest of you."

"Exactly," exclaimed Captain Grady; "give your tongue all the free lave you want. We'll understand. We won't let him abuse you, hat it seems likely you can take care of yourself. He

thinks himself something of a wit, and he'll be sure to chaff you."

"We'll see," said Jack; but he did not tell Captain Grady that he had more than once officiated as "clown," and had brought down the house as effectively as the regular performer himself.

Well mounted as they were, it was easy enough for Captain Grady and his young friend to reach Pietermaritzburg that evening, but the train was a day later.

Jack insisted on picking out good quarters of his own, away from his barracks, on account of his huge "outfit," and the likelihood of his having business to attend to, but he consented to take his meals with the officers of Captain Grady's company, and was most hospitably received.

That is, he came very near upsetting himself, as a "good fellow," in the eyes of his English friends, by his prompt refusal to join them in the "glass of wine" which was their first proposal, and perhaps he would have suffered more than he did but for the singular reputation he had won among the lions and the Zulus.

That sort of fellow was very likely to be regarded as a privileged character. Besides, Captain Grady's "mess" regarded the young hunter as a sort of prize of their own, and were as anxious to keep him as they were to shoulder the coming "scientists" upon the gentlemen of the other company.

The second day, however, after a general inspection of Jack's hunting outfit, the officers of the whole garrison dined together, and now, for the first time, Jack found himself seated opposite, across a somewhat narrow table, to Captain Grosvenor.

That gentleman, resplendent in his scarlet uniform, bore upon his youthful but somewhat reddish face the unmistakable tokens of an arrogant and habitually insolent disposition, evidently regarding all others in the room as his inferiors, to such an extent as warranted him in disregarding the commonest laws of dinner-table politeness.

He had been introduced to "that menagerie fellow," and had opened his eyes a little at being met on Jack's part with a manner which was a ludicrously exact copy of his own.

Nor had they been long at the table before the young sprig of aristocracy, really but a few years Jack's senior in age, and a good deal younger in everything else, began his self-imposed task of "roasting the menagerie man."

"Aw, Mr. Lyon," he began, "it seems you've been caging some of your own—aw—family?"

"Aw yes," said Jack, "did coop up a few of 'em. British lions, you know. Best use for 'em. Tip-top for menagerie, you know—always roar when they're punched."

Grosvenor opened his blue eyes again, but came back to the charge with:

"Aw, yes, we do own all the best lion countries. Understand you—aw—tamed an elephant. You should go to India. We have the black fellows train our elephants for us. Kind of work belongs to them, you know."

"Beg your pardon," suddenly exclaimed Jack, as the captain's plainly insulting speech was finished, "but I've lost my watch. I had it a few minutes ago. Somebody has picked my pocket."

There was a sudden uproar on this announcement, and a general, though fruitless, search, in spite of Jack's protestation that it was of no manner of consequence.

Perhaps a sly wink he gave Captain Grady helped to secure a return of quiet, and hardly were they all re-seated, before Grosvenor again opened with,—

"Sorry about your watch, 'pon me soul, you know; but it is true that you rode a giraffe into camp? Seems odd, you know. Sort of a neck or nothing affair—haw, haw!"

The captain's voice expressed all sorts of taunting scepticism, but Jack quietly responded:

"Ob, that's nothing. If you want to ride a giraffe, you've only to tie a knot in his neck, you know. Then you've got him. Fine riding, I assure you."

"Aw, yes, no doubt," said Grosvenor; "but I've got a horse, just over from England, splendid fellow, not at all like a giraffe. Wonder if you could ride him?"

"Don't know," drawled Jack. "Glad you haven't had him long, but I might be able to ride him."

(To be continued.)

PASTIMES FOR THE INGENIOUS.

THE construction of cardboard models is a most interesting pastime, especially if the models be afterwards carefully coloured in imitation of the actual things which they represent.

We give this week diagrams and instructions, showing the reader

HOW TO MAKE A MODEL GIG,

which when cut out and properly put together, neatly and carefully painted, and finished off with a coat of fine mastic varnish, will be found to present a very pretty effect.

Provide yourself with the following tools before commencing:

—A T square, a pair of compasses, a carpenter's square, and several knives with fixed blades, clasp knives being dangerous for this purpose, as they are apt to slip; sheets of Bristol board, also a drawing board, and brass pins for securing the former to the latter while the various patterns are being cut out.

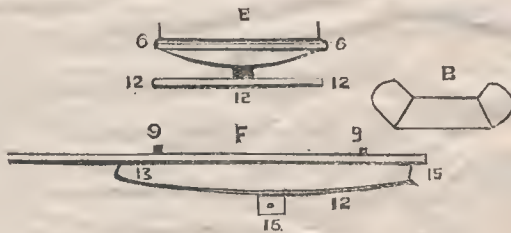
Now make exact tracings of the various parts of the gig from the diagrams given, paste them on the cardboard, and cut them carefully out.

For the wheels, which may be most accurately made by striking them out by the compasses, a thicker piece of cardboard than is used for the body of the carriage is desirable.

Thin glue is the best thing for sticking the pieces together.

A shows the plan of the gig. 1 is the bottom, 2 the two sides, 3 the dash-board, 4 the back, 5 the piece that hends over to form the seat.

N.B.—The dotted lines to be cut only half through, and to be bent up in the proper form to make the dash-board, &c.



B is the seat rail, C the shafts and frame for the gig to rest upon. 6, 6, the shafts; 7 is the bar between them; 8 the middle piece; 9, 9, 9, 9, bits of iron on which the gig rests; 10, 10, the places where the steps should be fixed.

A CLEVER THIEF.
WHILE some of the Mamelukes were encamped about Minich, a thief set his mind upon carrying off the horse and wearing apparel of one of their Beys; and with this intention contrived, in the dead



D shows the springs, which can be better seen in E and F; 12, 12, are the side springs, which should be the same size as the frame of the shafts; 13, 13, at these points the hack spring is attached to the main spring; 15, the hind part of the shaft frame resting upon it; 14 is the axletree.

E 15, the block through which the latter passes; again seen in F 16.

F The springs may be made of whalebone, carefully cut to the required shape and thickness, and,

of the night, to creep, unperceived, within the tent, where, as it was winter-time, embers were burning, and showed the rich clothea of the Bey lying close at hand.

The thief, as he squatted down by the fire, drew them softly to him, and put them all on; and then, after filling a pipe and lighting it, went deliberately to the tent door, and tapping a groom, who was sleeping near, with the pipe end, made a sign to him for the horse, which stood piquetted in front.

It was brought—he mounted, and rode off.

On the morrow when the clothes of the Bey could nowhere be found, none could form a conjecture as to what had become of them, until the groom, on being qustioned, maintained to his fellow-servants that their master was not yet returned from his ride, and told thsm how he had suddenly called for his horse in the night, which at last seemed to give some clue to what had really happened.

Upon this, the Bey, anxious to recover his horse, as well as curious to ascertain the particulars, ordered it to be published abroad, that if the person who had robbed him would, within two days, bring back what he had taken, he should not only be pardoned, but should receive also the full value of the horse and the suit of clothss.

Relying on the good faith of this promise, and possibly, too, not a little vain of his exploit, the Arah presented himself, and brought his booty; and the Bey also, on his part, punctually kept his word; but since, besides the loss, there was something in the transaction that placed the Bey inrather a ludicrous light, it went hard with him to let the rogue depart so freely, and he seemed to be considering what he should do, so that, to gain time, he was continually asking over and over again fresh and more circumstantial accounts of the manner in which the stratagem had been conducted.

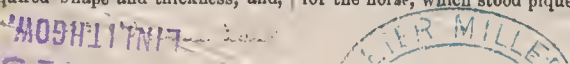
The other was too crafty not to perceive that no good might be preparing for him, and began to feel anxious to get safe out of the scrape; he showed no impatience, however, but entered minutely into every detail, accompanying the whole with a great deal of corresponding action, at one time sitting down by the fire, and making believe as though he were stly drawing on the different articles of dress,

so as to throw the Bey himself and all who saw and heard him into fits of laughter.

When he came at last to what concerned the horse, "It was," he said, "brought to me, and leaped upon his back;" and so in effect flingg him self again into the saddle, and spurring the flanks

sharply with the stirrup-irons, he rode off, with all the mouey that he had received for the animal in his pocket, and had got much too far, during the first moments of surprise, for any of the bullets to take effect that were fired at him in his flight, and nothing further was ever heard of him or the horse.

A CLERK in the Vincennes (Ind.) post-office has collected from the letters which pass through his hands fifty-six different modes of misspelling the name of that city.



FRANK'S FREAKS
AT THE FINISHING SCHOOL.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BURNING OF THE CHURCH.—THE FATE OF MR. TODDLES, THE UNDERTAKER.

NOW commenced a running fight, for no sooner were the smugglers in the open air than they took to their heels and hurried down to the sands as fast as they could, in hopes that the men on board the *Firefly*, hearing the shots, would send a boat on shore to bring them off.

They were not mistaken. The boat was there already for them.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Dandy Boatman, as he shoved off the boat, "you are foiled again."

"Not so, not so," shouted Tom Truck, "the *Sea Swallow* is in the offing, and she can overhaul the *Firefly* any day. Quick, admiral, here is my boat, and we will either catch them sea wolves or sink ourselves."

The boat was launched and the men crowded into her.

"No more can come in now," cried the admiral, "let the others go round and get another boat, the preventive cutter—anything. Some of you go back to the church. We will catch these pirates, give me the tiller, Truck; and now, my lads, fifty pounds to the first man on board the *Firefly*."

Leaving the admiral to follow the smugglers, we return to the church.

* * * * *

No sooner had the noise of fighting died away from the vaults, than the lid of a coffin was thrown off, and up rose a trembling, pale-faced figure.

"Thank Heaven they have gone!" cried the figure. "I—I cannot bear the sight of blood."

Mr. Toddles, the undertaker, for he was the man in the coffin, crawled out.

"I feared that they would come in here; but Ashcroft retreated by the passage."

He burst into a fiendish chuckle of laughter, but suddenly panted and sniffed.

"What is this?" he exclaimed; "burning? What can be burning? They would not, could not, dare not have set the church on fire. That would be sacrilege. It would ruin me!"

He felt his way round the coffins until he came to the vault wherein the fight had taken place.

For one moment he remained horror-stricken; then with a wild yell he exclaimed—

"They have it!—the wretches have set the church on fire!"

It was too true. The vault was all in a blaze of light.

It was the only way that he could escape, yet he dared not venture in the flames.

Cask after cask of the spirits burst with a loud explosion, and their contents ran down upon the ground, where it formed one terrible scene of livid fire.

A sight of horror! The very coffins of the dead were now in flames and as they burst, their ghastly contents rolled out.

"Mercy! mercy!" yelled Toddles. "I am but a poor, weak old man. Pity me! Save me!"

But his voice was drowned in the roar of the flame and the crackling of burning wood.

"I shall be burned—burned to death!" screamed the unfortunate wretch.

"Hush!" he cried, suddenly. "People have seen the church on fire, and are here."

He listened for a moment, and above the noise of the fire could hear the shouts of a crowd.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he chuckled. "Yes, yes, I shall be all right now. Stay, I will burn my wig and disguise, so that that young devil will not know me as the man who was looking in at the lieutenant's window. Ho! ho! ho! They will not be surprised to find me here. I am the undertaker, and come to look after the coffins."

As he spoke he threw his wig and coat into the flames, chuckling as he did so.

Another sharp, loud explosion, and a row of coffins were blown down.

They were all full of kegs of spirits, which burst as they fell on the stone floor of the vault.

With a yell of horror the man sprang back, and clasping his brow with both hands, cried,—

"Lost! lost! lost! the place is a sea of fire

the large casks of brandy are behind there. They must burst. I shall be lost. No one can—no one will save me!"

Driven mad with these thoughts, the wretched man held his head and yelled;

Then he grew calmer, and watched the fire as it opened around.

Soon the large casks of brandy began to burst one after the other with terrific reports.

The wretched man watched them as they burst, and laughed.

He knew that to him they were bringing certain death, and yet he laughed.

Laughed with wild discordant mirth—shrieking with laughter.

He was mad! raving mad!

He gibbered at the corpses as they fell out of their coffins, and mocked them.

Of all the ghastly things in this charnel-house, perhaps the living man was most ghastly.

God help us! it is a fearful thing at any time to see death. But death in such a shape. Death where there is no one to mourn. Death! where all is terrible. Heaven save us from it.

Hush!

Once more he hears the shouts of the men who are trying to save the church.

Yes, they are in the church!

He will be saved at last. They must hear him if he shouts loud enough.

He shouts, he yells, he screams, and dances with agony.

The place is becoming red hot.

The handles and the coffin-plates are beginning to melt.

"Help! help! help! help!" the wretched man cried, but no help came.

He tried to kneel and pray, but prayer seemed to be denied him.

At last he dashed a coffin to pieces, and therein he found more kegs of spirits.

This had been the place where the smugglers had hidden their spirits.

The sacredness of the place and its peculiar structure had, up to now, made it a safe resort.

Bursting open one of these kegs, he drank, drank the fiery contents until he was drunk.

"Ho! ho! ho!" he howled, "this is rare sport. Look how that old woman dances about. She mums and mows at me. Ha, he, ha, ha—it's old Poll, deaf and dumb old Poll. Get back—don't look at me like that. I did not kill you. Go to Renben Ashcroft, he killed you. See, see how she points with her boney fingers at me. Ah she points to the burning brandy. It has reached the step! Mercy! mercy! mercy! it will flow in here soon."

The vault in which Mr. Toddles was, happened to be half-a-foot above the burning one.

By this he had escaped from the burning fluid as yet.

But he now saw that a few more casks bursting—and he knew there were many of them—and he would be in the midst of flames.

Stealthily the flaming waves crept over the step and stole towards him.

He climbed up to the top of a pile of coffins, yelling and screaming in terror.

The floor of the vault in which he now was was one sheet of flame.

Quicker and quicker came the reports of the hursting barrels.

The whole place soon became a great sea of fire. Once more the relief of madness came to the wretched man.

He fancied that he was in the infernal regions, and talked to the devils.

The stack of coffins on which he had clambered caught fire.

He jeered at the flames, defied them, and scoffed at them in wild glee.

They mounted higher and higher. The vault became a furnace.

The maniac tore off his clothes, and hurled them at the creeping flames.

Mark! once more the sound of voices—close now—closer, closer still.

Why, he can hear the words they say. They have heard his shouts.

Hush! they are calling to know if any one is in the vaults.

"Yes—yes!" he screams. "I am shut in here. Save me! save me! save me!"

Strange fatality!

He had but hurried on his own death by shouting to the men.

They try to force open a trap-door just above him.

He hears the noise. He shall be saved at last. The trap-door yields a little.

"Haste! haste! haste!" he yells, beating madly on the coffins with his fists. "Haste! or you will be too late."

The men redouble their efforts, and with a loud crash the trap flies upwards.

A gust of hot air rushes forth, that makes the men draw back stifled.

That gust of air was the undertaker's death warrant.

Before, the vaults had burned slowly, because of the want of draught; but now the draught had been supplied, and with a roar, as if of delight, the flames rushed forward.

The place was converted into a furnace.

One long, terrible scream, a crash, and the coffins fell down, carrying the undertaker into the blazing mass.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE TAKING OF THE "FIREFLY."

SWIFTLY the two boats flew over the sea. The admiral kept his boat as close to the wind as possible.

But the Dandy Boatman knew his business well, and was not to be beaten.

There not a hundred yards before them was the *Firefly*, and all on board were astir.

"Bravo! my brave fellows," cried Renben Ashcroft; "point your guns at the boats following us and blow them to Davy Jones's locker. Ha! ha! my fine fellows, you are caught."

The men on board the *Firefly* obeyed the command directly, but the shot passed over the boat.

"Hurrah!" cried the admiral, who seemed to enjoy the fight as much as a country squire would a fox-hunt; "hurrah! my brave lads, this will be warm work, but if I don't take that ship, well, I'll lose my commission, that's all."

"No fear of that, sir," said Tom Truck; "just look out over yonder."

In a moment every eye was turned in the direction Tom Truck indicated.

Gliding through the water came a beautiful schooner, her sails well filled.

"Why, what vessel is that?" demanded the admiral in surprise.

"That, sir! why that's the *Sea Swallow*; I gave Harry Hazelden the tip to be on the look out."

"Heem!" coughed the admiral, and his shoulders worked up and down as if he were laughing.

"I thought that fellow Hazelden was a smuggler," said Lieutenant Grogrum.

"I don't know nothing about that," said Tom Truck; "all I know he's not such a cuss as the varmint we are after. He carries a big gun as a signal gun, and I told him to see that it was shotted to-night."

"Pretty signal gun indeed," growled the lieutenant; "I know he has been a smuggler."

"Perhaps he has, perhaps he has not," said Tom Truck; "all I can say is this, he is not one now."

"How long has he given that honourable profession up?" asked Grogrum.

"Can't say," replied Truck; "but I know this, you may overhaul his papers tonight if you like."

"He's close in now," cried the admiral; "bail him, Tom, and let us get on board."

"Look out, Harry," cried Truck; "throw in a line, and take us on board."

"Don't shorten sail much," cried the admiral, but keep well for the *Firefly*."

The line was flung and caught, made fast, and then the boat was hauled up to the ship.

It was a difficult matter to get on board, but it was managed at last.

Luckily the sea was smooth, or they never would have ventured on the tack.

"Where's Harry Hazelden," cried the admiral, when he was aboard.

"Here! your honour," said a handsome looking sailor stepping forward.

"Look here, my lad!" said the admiral; "I mean to take that ship or blow her out of the water."

"I'm sure I wish you all the luck in the world," said Harry.

"But what I want is this," continued the ad

miral, "I wish you to give me command of this ship."

"Do with her what you like," said Harry; "consider her your own."

"Right!" cried the admiral, and at once the old man set to work taking the command.

But Reuben Ashcroft had reached his ship, and the *Firefly* was setting her sails.

"Where's that gun?" roared the admiral; "here, let me come, I'll train her."

The old man took steady aim, and then applied the lintstock.

A loud report, a crash, and a fearful shriek. Then the smoke rolled slowly away, and the *Firefly* lay with her mainmast overboard.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" yelled the men on board the *Sea Swallow*.

"Don't fire again," hailed some one on board the *Firefly*; "we haul down our colours."

This was of course met with another great cheer, and the *Sea Swallow* rode alongside the *Firefly*, the conqueror.

And now, reader, our task is at an end. We have but to tell you the fate of several of our characters and thank you for your attention to our story.

When Admiral Portfire took the *Firefly* he found but very few men on board of her—most of the band having perished in the fight either at the creek, church, or tower.

Reuben Ashcroft was there terribly wounded, his lower jaw having been torn off with a splint.

He lingered some few days, and then expired in the greatest agonies.

The rest of the men were punished severely as they deserved.

Harry Hazeldean wed Grace Lasbing; and whatever he did before he did his duty as a husband, for never was a happier pair seen.

Lieutenant Grugrum could not bear to live alone in his cottage, so he has taken up his abode with the admiral, and the two old salts drink, smoke, spin yarns and sing songs to their beards' content.

The lieutenant has given up the preventive service, and, if report speaks truly, many a cask of spirits which never paid duty is drunk by both.

Mr. Barnabas has turned missionary, and was sent out to a place where the bad habit of cannibalism was prevalent.

Whilst he was there he managed very well, and fondly hoped that he had taught them that "to love your neighbour as yourself" don't mean that you are to eat him too; but as it happened that the savage land happened to be a land of plenty, Mr. Barnabas grew fat.

This change so pleased the benighted savages that they discussed it.

Nay, more, they discussed Mr. Barnabas also.

They read his tracts, learned to like him, and, we are sorry to add, inwardly digested him afterwards.

Ted Tranquil and Frank said good-bye to their schoolfellows.

They took Sam Scragge with them, and Frank, I believe, took a lock of hair also, which once had adorned the head of Miss Jacqueline Portfire.

At all events, I know there was great sorrow when they parted, and promises of all sorts of pleasures when they met again.

It is with the same regret and the same promises we leave you, kind reader; but we hope at some future and not distant period, that we shall meet again.


THE END.

WATERLOO MEDAL.—A Frenchman meeting an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, began sneeringly to animadvert on the British Government for bestowing such a trifle, which did not cost them three francs. "That is true, to be sure," replied the soldier; "it did not cost the English Government three francs, but it cost the French a Napoleon."

MELTING OF A WATCH BY LIGHTNING.—During a violent thunderstorm in 1844, a fishing-boat belonging to one of the Shetland Islands was struck by lightning. The electric fluid came down the mast, which it tore into shivers, and melted a watch in the pocket of a man who was sitting close by the side of the mast, without injuring him. Not only was the man altogether unhurt, but his clothes also were uninjured; and he was not aware of what had taken place until, on taking out his watch, he found it was fused into a mass!

CHARLIE THE SOMNAMBULIST.

BY H. KNIGHT.

 PART of my school days were spent at Dingley Academy, and it was there the incident happened which I am about to relate.

I had retired to rest one night in our dormitory, in which slept half a dozen boys besides myself, being tired I soon fell asleep.

How long I slept I know not, but I awoke with a strange feeling of awe on me for which I could not account.

I opened my eyes, to my horror I saw by the light of the moon which streamed in at the window, a ghostly figure in white coming towards my bed.

I shivered with fright, but I was glad to see the figure turn about before it reached me, and glide noiselessly out of the room.

You may depend I did not get much sleep the rest of that night.

When morning came I resolved not to say anything to any of my chums.

But I determined to watch on the succeeding night, and try to solve the mystery myself.

Night came, and I went to bed fully resolved not to go to sleep.

But after keeping awake about an hour, my eyes closed against my will, and I slept.

Again I woke with the same feeling of dread on me, and once more beheld the ghostly figure.

This time it was just opening the door and entering the room.

This somewhat reassured me, for I reflected that most ghosts have a knack of coming through doors, walls or any other obstacle in their path.

I followed the midnight intruder with my eyes as I lay quietly in bed.

It marched right round the room, and then went out by the door again.

I determined to follow, and slipping on my trousers, I crept noiselessly out of the room too.

I caught sight of the figure at the end of the passage just entering a door, inside of which the junior boys slept.

Stealing softly along, I entered the room. What was my surprise on seeing the supposed ghost getting into one of the beds.

Having got in, it proceeded to pull the clothes up and otherwise make itself comfortable, while it gave vent to a shiver, which left no doubt as to whether it was a denizen of this world or not.

A light dawned upon me, as I went up to the bed and recognized the face, now I could see it plainly.

It was Charlie Dawson, who it is pretty clear after this must walk in his sleep.

I thought it best not to wake him then, but I made up my mind to speak to him about it in the morning.

I then retired to bed to finish my night's rest, greatly pleased at the success of my ghost hunt.

In the morning after school hours I took Charlie aside in a corner of the playground, and said,

"How do you sleep at night, Charlie? Do you have a good night's rest?"

He looked rather surprised at the question, but answered—

"To tell you the truth, I always feel tired when I wake up in the morning, though I always sleep soundly, and I have generally got a cold. But why do you ask?"

"Should you be surprised to hear that you walk in your sleep," I said, by way of reply.

"I should," said Charlie; "I have not the slightest idea of ever having done so."

"Probably not," I returned, "but it is a fact nevertheless; for two nights you have passed from your dormitory and back again, in your sleep."

"I believe you," he said; "but what would you recommend me to do?"

"Fasten yourself in bed with a strap, or something of that sort," said I.

"Very well, I will try it to night," said he; and so the subject dropped.

That night I went to bed thinking that I should not be disturbed by the sleep-walker again, so I did not trouble to keep awake.

I do not know how long I had been asleep, when I was awakened by a noise as of someone opening the window.

I jumped up in bed, and looked towards the window.

The sight I saw sent a thrill of horror through me. There, just stepping out on to the sill, was the young somnambulist.

Another moment and he would be dashed to atoms, or at least maimed for life.

The height from the window to the ground being quite sixty feet.

I leaped out of bed, and rushed to the window.

He just stepped off the sill as I reached it.

I managed to clutch the tail of his shirt as he fell, and so held him.

The shock of being suddenly checked in his descent awoke him.

He gave a terrified glance about him, and cried, "Save me!" and then faintly.

It was a fearful strain on me, and the shirt, too; I feared the latter would give way, but I called out to the boys for assistance.

They awoke and came rushing to the window, wondering what was the matter.

But seeing the unhappy boy hanging outside they bore a hand, and we soon had him into the room.

Then hastily explaining matters, I got some water and sprinkled Charlie's deathlike face.

With a shudder he came back to consciousness, and gasped—

"Where am I?"

"Oh, you are all right now," I said, in a reassuring way.

"I quite forgot your advice about fastening myself in bed," he said. "What a narrow escape I have had through that forgetfulness; if it had not been for you—"

"There say no more about it," I said, pressing his hand. "Let me carry you into bed, or you will catch cold."

Having seen him safely to bed, I slipped on my things, returned to his room, and watched over him till morning.

I informed the doctor of what had happened directly he put in an appearance, for poor Charlie was in the morning quite ill and lightheaded.

He at once sent for a medical man, who said he had got a fever through cold and fright.

After a month's illness Charlie got well again, to our great joy, and has never since walked in his sleep.

THE POWER OF ASSOCIATION.

It is said that "there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and from the painful to the mirthful there is no more; nay, it sometimes happens that they seem to be consentaneous, alike growing from a common root—products of a parent stem.

Hence the constraining inclination which at times so resistlessly sways us, to smile at the events which compel us to weep, and to gather food for merriment from the occasion of our tears, I know not how it may be with others, but if I meet with an acquaintance who, with rueful countenance narrates the sudden decease of a common friend, I am often uncontrollably tempted to shame his eber and feeling relation by a countenance the very converse of his own.

More than once it has occurred to me, at the grave about to close upon the dear remains of some valued relative, that the same temptation has been felt, if not betrayed!

I am willing to ascribe this tendency to a habit of comic association, which, greedily seizing each element favourable to its purpose, waits not for the moment which conventional propriety could alone sanction.

The following fact is, perhaps, a fair illustration of the infirmity to which we have been referring:—

I had been indulging myself one remarkably fine morning in a deliberate gaze from my window, which commanded the full view of a public street in the heart of our crowded metropolis.

The motley figures which flitted under my review in this busy thoroughfare had, as usual, disposed me to some philosophic speculations upon the infinite variety of our species, and the sober cast of features which, for the most part, seemed to distinguish them.

I had been even led to merriment on the ultimate destiny of beings, who, with all their present energy of purpose and effort, perhaps but rarely remembered or prepared for it.

In such a mood, so-bred as it was, and ill-fitted as one might imagine for what was frivolous and gay, I suddenly espied a sturdy one-legged sailor

burying on his way, and about to cross the street, at a part not distant from my pensive post of observation.

At that moment a carriage, proceeding at a rapid rate, stimulated the design, and quickened the pace of the jolly tar, who with an activity for which his grade is so renowned, was bidding fair to effect his transit with all imaginable ease.

It so happened that his dexter leg, having been lost in an engagement, was supplied by one of wood, which, in its rapid course, was nimbly conveyed along in a semicircular movement, or formed a pivot for the rest of his well-built frame to swing upon.

It was in this latter of alternate movements that he encountered, in the centre of his crossing, a water-pug, into which this insensible portion of his understanding almost immeasurably sunk.

As the drop was deep the hold was fast, and the muscular energy of our hero, with the momentum acquired by his progression, communicated such a projectile force to his frame, that the fragile member instantly broke, and he was violently thrown upon the stones.

The accident no sooner occurred than poor Jack (severely bruised) was surrounded, raised from the ground, and it was proposed to lead him at once to a surgeon.

"What's the use of a doctor," he replied, "when my timber's splintered?" casting a mournful glance at the shattered remains of his dexter auxiliary, the demolition of which a carriage-wheel had just completed; then, looking at the remaining stump, "Take me to the carpenter," he added, "and let him splice me another!"

The crowd and himself soon disappeared, but not before I was convulsed with laughter at an incident which, although it might have proved fatal to life, was, in its effect upon myself, so irresistibly comic.

THE MONKISH BRIGANDS.

UPON a height near Venasso is a convent of capuchins, in which dwelt four canons, who among the peasants of the neighbouring villages enjoyed a very high reputation for exemplary charity and devotion.

All day long were heard within their walls the tinkling of bells and the chanting of psalms; at all hours the chapel of the monastery was open; there, before a miraculous statue of St. Cyprian, were almost all found the holy brothers kneeling at the altar, and inflicting on themselves the most severe flagellations.

About the beginning of last summer a carmelite brother, accompanied by a muleteer, passed near the convent of the capuchins.

The mule on which the holy friar was seated carried likewise a considerable sum of money, which his rider had just brought from Rome.

The carmelite was jogging leisurely along, the evening was fine and the sun about to set.

The Angelus sounded; and the good father was just replying devoutly with the sign of the cross, when he received a violent blow on his back.

On his turning round in affright, two men laid hold of him, while a few paces further, two others were seen with leveled carbines.

The muleteer escaped and concealed himself behind a bush.

After a few jests, the hands of the carmelite brother were bound, and he was led away in the direction of the monastery, where the party disappeared behind some trees.

On the following day Signor Filiberto, a linendraper at Naples, received from his brother, the carmelite monk, a letter to the following effect:—"Signor, at four o'clock this morning you will bring to the square in front of the capuchin convent at Venasso, the sum of five hundred scudi; if not one hour later you will find there the corpse of your brother. Silence or death will be your own portion."

Signor Filiberto had only two hours before him.

He trembled, for he was well aware of the promptitude with which the Neapolitan brigands were wont to carry their menaces into execution.

He hastened to several of his friends to demand their counsel.

He went to the magistrates of the city, and accompanied by a strong body of military, they set off for the place indicated.

It was already past four o'clock when they approached the spot.

Filiberto ran on before his companions, but on his arrival found four men, with the murdered body of his brother still writhing at their feet.

"You have already assassinated him!" he exclaimed with all his might.

The soldiers now appeared on every side, flight was impossible, and the brigands surrendered without attempting the slightest resistance.

They were loaded with chains, and conducted to Naples, where they confessed that they were the capuchin monks of the convent of Venasso, and they had already for several years exercised the profession of knights of the road.

They were tried, and condemned to death.

FOR SALE 112 numbers of the "Young Briton" (from 233), 3s.; 50 of the "Sons of Britannia" (from 234), 1s. 6d.; 90 of the "Young Englishman" (from 49), 2s. 6d.; 197 of the "Young Folks" (from 110), 2s. 6d.; "Midshipman Tom," 1s. 3d.; "Captain Tom Drake" (17 numbers), 6d.; "Frank Fearless" (26 numbers), 1s. 3d.; "Tom Wildrake" (22 monthly parts), 3s.; "Rupert Dreadnought," 2s.; "Oliver Optics" "Lake Shore Series" (6 volumes), 2s.; and "Boys of Bireham," 9d. G. C. M., 45, London-road, Strand, Wigtownshire, N.B.

FOREIGN STAMPS! FOREIGN STAMPS!—Packets containing 100 well assorted, post-free, 7d.; 500 for 2s. 3d. All stamps sold are warranted genuine. Sheets of stamps sent on approval. Agents wanted. Liberal commission given. Address—J. Sarpy & Co., 160, High-Holborn London.

VISITING cards, fifty, twelve stamps; twenty-five envelopes, addressed in fancy type, eight stamps; all post-free. Samuel Kerby, Castle-street, High Wycombe. (5)

"BOW BELLS."—The last two volumes of this periodical, comprising fifty-two numbers, containing tales by Harrison Ainsworth, C. H. Ross, and other, quite clean, cost 4s. 4d., will take 2s. 6d., or any reasonable offer. T. Walker Junr., Brook-street, Birmingham.

LUXURIOUS WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS.—Thousands can attest to the success of Redin's noted formula, which will be forwarded, free by post, on receipt of eleven stamps. This formula will force the above to grow heavily in a month or six weeks, on the smoothest face, without injury to the skin. Mr. L. Redin, 32, Kingsgate street, Holborn, London.

FOREIGN STAMPS.

BRITANNIA PACKETS.—No. 1 contains 110, including Niagara, Sandwich Isles, Bolivia, Sicilian, Hong Kong, Newfoundland, Egypt (with Sphinx), and others equally rare, post-free, 7d.; No. 2 contains 200 well-assorted, post free, 7d. No. 3 contains 80 used and unused, all different, including Fiji, Brazil (old issue), Suez Canal, Virgin Isles, Mexico, Roumania, Queensland, Spain (obsolete), St. Thomas, and others too numerous to mention, post free, 9d. No. 4 contains 250, including Western Australia, Antigua, Colombia, Argentine Republic, Japan, Cuba, Guiana, Brunswick, Servia, Chili, Liberia, and others rare, post free, 1s. 1d. The above packets are the cheapest ever offered. Agents are liberally treated with. Sixpence in the shilling commission allowed. Stork & Co., 3, Shakespeare-street, Hull. (19)

FOREIGN STAMPS.

50 RARE FOREIGN STAMPS, 7d. Including Servia, Egypt, Brazil Saxony, Old Cuba, &c. &c.
100 RARE for 1s. 7d., including Finland, Moldo-Wallachia, Greece, Rome, Hanover, &c. &c.

For full particulars and an immense variety of other packets, see ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, 1d. Catalogue 3d. All Post Free.

STANLEY, GIBBONS, & Co., GOWER STREET, LONDON. 11

HOGARTH HOUSE VOLUMES.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Frank Fearless, complete. 2s. 6d. | 16. Sheet-Anchot Jack. 1s. |
| 2. Midshipman Tom. 2s. | 17. Alls Well. 1s. |
| 3. The Cottage Girl; or the Marriage Day. 2s. | 18. Shaw, the Lifeguardsman. 1s. |
| 4. The Boys of Bircham School. 1s. 6d. | 19. Whip-the-Wind; or, The White Horse of the Prairie. 4s. |
| 5. Young Tom's School-days. 1s. 6d. | 20. Out on the World. 1s. |
| 6. Tom Wildrake's School-days. Vol. 1. to V. New Edition, with Coloured Plates. 1s. | 21. Bonnie Dundee. 1s. |
| 7. Red Hush, the Backwood-man. 1s. | 22. War Cruise of the <i>Meteor</i> . 1s. |
| 8. The King's Hussars. 1s. | 23. Adrift on the Spanish Main. 1s. |
| 9. Kili the Uhlán. 1s. | 24. Jack Hawk-way in America. 1s. |
| 10. Captain Jack; or, One of the Light Brigade. 1s. 6d. | 25. Jack Hawk-way Out West. 1s. |
| 11. The Pirates Isle. 1s. | 26. Robinson Crusoe. 2d. |
| 12. Charity Joe; or, From Street Boy to Lord Mayor. 1s. | 27. Grimms Goblins. 1s. |
| 13. For Valour. 1s. | 28. Cold Water Cruelty; a Humorous Work. 2d. |
| 14. Tomahawk and Rifle. 1s. | 29. The Young Bush-Ranger. 2d. |
| 15. Death or Glory. 1s. | 30. The Young Englishman Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, 4s. 6d. each. |

Country subscribers, or those experiencing any difficulty in procuring these works, may receive any of the above free—per return of post—on sending the amount as above in stamps.

Advertisements.

NOTICE.—Advertisements of Articles for Exchange on a PENNY PER LINE of Eight Words. Trade Advertisements of Articles for Sale SIXPENCE FOR TWENTY WORDS.

To prevent delay, please address—the Publisher, "SONS OF BRITANNIA, Hogarth House, St. Bride's-avenue, E. C.

J. B. PILLINGER'S AMERICAN NOVELTIES.
One Shilling; Post Free, 15 Stamps.

THE AMERICAN POCKET TIME-PIECE (patented), made by steam machinery, strong and handsome case, size of an ordinary watch, steel works, balance action, enamelled dial, glass dome, each denotes correct time, and is warranted for two years.

CAUTION.—To be procured only from the undersigned. All orders executed by return of post.

J. B. PILLINGER, 7, Church-road, Upper Norwood, London.

One Shilling; Carriage Free, 15 Stamps.

THE AMERICAN MODEL STEAM ENGINE, made entirely of metal with large boiler-wheel pair of iron governors, and fittings to regulate speed. Can be seen at work.

J. B. PILLINGER, 7, Church-road, Upper Norwood, London.

One Shilling; Carriage Free, 15 Stamps.

THE AMERICAN MUSICAL ORGAN (patented), far surpasses any yet produced. They are suitable for hymns, dance, or song; producing the most charming melodies. Made entirely by steam machinery. Thousands have been sold in America. Testimonials free.

J. B. PILLINGER, 7, Church-road, Upper Norwood, London.

THE GENEVA POCKET TIMEPIECE, (patent). Warranted correct timekeepers, in handsome case perfect balanced action, glass dome. Post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for Fourteen Stamps, or two for Twenty-Six. J. B. BRITTON; address as below.

THE GEM LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, registered, wheels, &c., complete, will travel at great speed. A perfect model. Carriage free, Twelve Stamps. J. P. BRITTON; address as below.

TWO SHILLINGS.—The TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX, eight tunes, post free. Twenty-Seven Stamps. Size 7½ by 3½ inches.—The eight tunes may be selected from the following: Hold the Fort—Sun of my Soul—Thy Will be Done—Safe in the Arms of Jesus—Ring the Bell, Watchman—Last Hope of Summer—Meet Me in the Lane, Love—Watching for Pa—Madame Angot—Danube Waltz—Legend Madame Angot—Irish Jig—Mousetrap Man—Tommy Make Room for Your Uncle—Oh, my, Fle for Shame—Perhaps She's on the Railway Line—Run Em In—Hoop La!

J. B. PILLINGER, 7, Church-road, Upper Norwood, London.

THE SWISS FAIRY ORGANS, patented in Europe and America, will produce the most charming melodies, hymns, dance or song. Gold medals have been awarded. Carriage free Eighteen Stamps; very superior, Thirty Stamps. J. B. BRITTON, 24, Cursitor-street, Holborn, London.

HAIR.

WHISKERS, MOUSTACHIOS, BALDNESS.—Many hundreds of testimonials from private persons and opinions of the Press (London and Provincially) prove the fact that an unparalleled success has attended LATREILLE'S system of producing Whiskers and Moustachios and curing Baldness. Full particulars, with newspaper and other testimonials, free of charge to all applicants, town or country.—Address, Mr. LATREILLE, Lorrimer-street, London. S.E. (10)

C. H. Hill, 9, Buckingham-buildings, Hillhead, Glasgow, 110 for 6d., 240 for 1s., 1,000 for 3s. 2d. All post-free. All unequalled. Try one. Each contains two different of Java, Servia, Guiana, Oldenburg, Hamburg, Russia, Paraguay, Ionian Islands, Chili, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Hong Kong, &c., &c. Grated, with 3s. 2d. packets, three sets. Cheapest packets offered. Agents wanted; high rate of payment. (3)

Agents! Agents! Agents!—Wanted immediately, to sell Swiss Transferable Oil Pictures. Particulars, with a splendid sample packet, containing sixty varieties, 7d., post-free.—Sowerby & Lamb, Lynn-street, West Hartlepool. (2)

Your Height.—Send 13 stamps to Walter Armstrong 55, Fetter-lane, and you will receive by return of post eight good rules for increase of stature. (1)

SONS OF BRITANNIA.

CONDUCTED BY GEORGE EMMETT.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT 9 A.M.

Our Letter-Box.

UNDER THE CARE OF PHILANDER JACKSON, H.U.A.

RELIGION AND RECREATION.

I HAVE received the following letter, which does the writer great credit for clearness of thought and conciseness of expression.

"SIR,—
I AM, comparatively speaking, a new subscriber to two of your excellent journals.

"Noticing the correspondence in the columns of the 'Sons of Britannia' on the subject of 'Religion and Recreation,' permit me respectfully to state my opinion on the subject.

"I sincerely sympathize with your correspondent 'A Working Lad,' at the same time I should think it is not necessary for him to work such long hours as he states he does.

I am rather surprised that you, sir, are in favour of Sunday games. God commanded that Sunday should be kept as a day of rest—Do you think any one is obeying this command who joins in games on Sunday?

Again, surely you advocate the study of the Bible sometimes—if so, what time is so suitable as Sunday?

"I myself, sir, am often compelled to work late in the evening, and sometimes the greater portion of Saturday afternoon, consequently seldom get an opportunity to join in a game of cricket, at the same time I should doubt whether I was doing right if I played cricket on Sunday.

"Hoping you will excuse the liberty I have taken, and again commending your journals for the healthy tone of most of their stories,—

"I remain, yours truly,
"AMICUS."

"AMICUS" has, however, rather overshot his mark in assuming that, because I have opened the columns of this journal to a discussion of the subject, I am therefore in favour of cricketing on the Sabbath. The first letter I received was inserted because I deemed the subject was one which would interest boys, who would like to give opinions thereon. I am pleased to hear that "Amicus" sympathizes with "A Working Lad;" but says:—"I should think it is not necessary for him to work such long hours as he states he does." Herein our correspondent shows that he is unaware of the fact that boys are frequently bound apprentice under indentures which not only do not give specified hours, but state that the apprentice shall work such hours as his master deems proper; and it unfortunately happens that there is a class of employers who take a wrongful advantage of this clause, and compel their apprentice to work even longer hours than "A Working Lad" states he has to labour, and that, too, without any remuneration in the shape either of "overtime" or pocket-money. To such hard-worked boys I feel sure that the opening of museums and libraries on Sundays would be an undoubted boon, and one which would be largely made use of by the working population, who can find no time during the working days of the week for, as it were, airing their intellects and educating their tastes, by familiarizing themselves with the wonders of the world in the various museums, picture-galleries and libraries—I must thank "Amicus" for his letter, which, with the exception of the points I have referred to, is a really sound and sensible epistle. I hope I shall have a few more such carefully composed and well and neatly-written letters.

LUNLOV HOWLAND.—Consult the Post Office London Directory, under the headings, in the "Trade" section of "Bookbinders' Material Makers," and "Bookbinders' Tool Cutters." I cannot recommend you any particular firm; you must choose for yourself from the many you will find in the list.

LONG STOCKING.—Your letter being the reverse of the models to be found in the "Complete Polite Letter Writer" I should advise you to study that useful little manual ere you address any more effusions to Hogarth House. The conclusion of "Ben Bravell" appears in this number. In number 352, in answer to W. Hornby, I gave an all-sufficient explanation of the reason of the non-appearance of the story.

CAPTAIN TOM DRAKE (Kirkcubright).—Thanks for your letter, with the purport of which I entirely agree. I am glad to hear that you are so highly pleased with "Larry O'Keefe." 2. Your writing is rather irregular, and like your orthography, is open to improvement. Remember—"Practice makes perfect."

TOM RATTLEBRAIN.—You are in error. St. John the Baptist was beheaded a year before the death of our Saviour, at the request of a young lady who demanded of Herod that his head should be brought to her in a dish.

This was executed, and the damsel was not afraid to take that present to her mother, who was the instigation of her petition.

ROB ROY.—John Bradford, for holding the religious principles of the Reformation, was burnt alive in Smithfield on the 1st of July, 1555. He was a native of Manchester, and had been chaplain to Bishop Ridley and Edward VI., during which period he became one of the most popular preachers in the Kingdom.

GARDENER.—The lengthened period of time during which the vital principle of vegetables may be preserved, is truly extraordinary. A bulbous root, found in the hand of an Egyptian mummy, in which situation it had very probably been for more than "two thousand years," germinated on exposure to the atmosphere, though, when discovered, it was apparently in a state of perfect dryness. The root was subsequently put into the ground, "where it grew with readiness and vigour."

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—Polish on a water-colour drawing would be entirely out of place; but for producing certain effects you may mix a little gum arabic with the water in which you mix your pigments. Frame and glaze your water-colours if you wish to preserve them. Maps may be "polished" as you term it by the following method. Beat up the white of an egg, and pour it into a clean saucer; then take your map by the corners and pass the face of it quickly over the glaze and then lay the drawing in such a position that the superfluous white of the egg may drain off. Be careful not to let any dust settle on it, or you cannot get it off again. You may if you choose treat your water-colours in this way, but it is better to frame and glaze them. 2. Shots are made by pouring molten lead from a great height into a pan containing cold water. You may go and see the operation performed at any of the Shot Towers—near Waterloo Bridge for instance,—when the workmen will always be glad to show you "how it's done"—for a consideration. 3. Endeavour to obtain an introduction through some mutual friend who is acquainted with both parties. 4. For removing the pimples on your face, take magnesia inwardly, and sponge your face with lead lotion night and morning.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR FORTUNE!

FREN' O' DABBER.—The Ancient Mariner is to the fore again in the "Young Englishman" of this week. He has sent Mr. Emmett a "Prize Goblet Yarn," which he vouches for the truth of, but which I must say savours very strongly of his old style of exaggeration. Dabber is no friend of mine, for the simple reason that Dabber is not a man of his word. I happen to be aware of the fact—which I will here impart to you in confidence—that, consequent upon a dispute having arisen as to the authorship of a certain celebrated sea song, Dabber, who asserted that he had written it, ended by saying that he would publish all his original naval diths, the real originals of the songs which have rendered other names than Dabber's famous. Now Dabber has never fulfilled that promise. If he should chance to read this, it may awaken some sense of remorse in his leathern breast, and cause him to redeem his word. For Mr. Emmett's sake, I hope he will do so—though I am sadly afraid Dabber is past all reformation. But all of you know my opinion of him, so I need say no more here. His undoubted popularity is a greater mystery to me than Psycho's clever tricks.

HISTORICUS.—Revengeful cruelty was among the most prominent characteristics of King John. The following incident will serve to show the vindictiveness of his nature. During his reign, a clergyman, while pursuing his studies at Oxford, had the misfortune to kill a woman by accident. Alarmed for his safety the priest fled immediately, and the mayor of the city repaired with his officers to the spot, where they found the body of the woman. The slayer was beyond pursuit, but three other priests who were living in the same house with him, were seized and committed to prison, although they did not even know of the accident. John, glad of this opportunity to wreak his vengeance upon the clergy, sent, a few days afterwards, orders that they should be immediately hung without the walls, without trial! This infamous mandate was obeyed by the civil authorities, upon which nearly three thousand scholars, as well as the masters, instantly quitted Oxford, and retired to Cambridge and Reading. Some left the country entirely and proceeded to Paris, and the University of Oxford was left almost empty.

LAST WORD.—When the brave Sir Philip Sidney took his last farewell of his associates, he thus addressed them:—"Love my memory, cherish my friends; but above all, govern your will and affection, by the will and word of your Creator; in me behold the end of this world, and all its vanities."

"Something to Read!"

Is the cry from the Youth of the Nation, upon whose possessions the sun never sets.

SOMETHING TO READ,

Which will AMUSE THE READER, without placing before him the pernicions

HIGHWAYMAN and PIRATE

Literature, which has so long held its unhealthy sway.

Whose pen first staggered this
PERNICIOUS HIGHWAYMAN LITERATURE
of the present century?

GEORGE EMMETT'S.

When was the First Blow dealt?

In the year 1867, when GEORGE EMMETT wrote the famous Tale,

THE BOYS OF BIRCHAM SCHOOL!

The Unparalleled Success of this tale has NEVER BEEN EXCELLED, and ONLY ONCE EQUALLED. This when

TOM WILDRAKE'S SCHOOLDAYS

was published.

This gigantic success was followed by

YOUNG TOM'S SCHOOLDAYS.

A Story founded upon TOM WILDRAKE'S SCHOOLDAYS. A tale in which the original characters created by George Emmett were continued. Again, in

Young Tom's Adventures

In Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, the original characters used by George Emmett are freely made use of. Hence its success.

Young Tom's Adventures

Ought to be in every Newsagent's window, and
ONE PENNY

Is all that is asked for Twenty-four pages of Reading, a large Plate, and a Coloured Wrapper.

Boys must and will have this glorious penny-worth, and if they cannot obtain the two numbers, the plate, and the Wrapper,

GEORGE EMMETT

Will forward the same if three half-pence in stamps is sent to Hogarth House, St. Bride's Avenue London, E.C.

YOUR BOOKSELLER

Will take your order if you place the penny in his hands. This will save you the cost of postage.

Don't Forget.

Ask your bookseller for Nos. 1 and 2. If he has not the Nos. in stock give him one penny, and he will procure for you the Nos. 1 and 2, the Plate and Wrapper of

Young Tom's Adventures.

If he declines to do so, send three half-pence to GEORGE EMMETT, Hogarth House, St. Bride's, London, E.C., and you will receive, PER RETURN OF POST, Nos. 1 and 2 of

Young Tom's Adventures,

the Wrapper and the Plate.

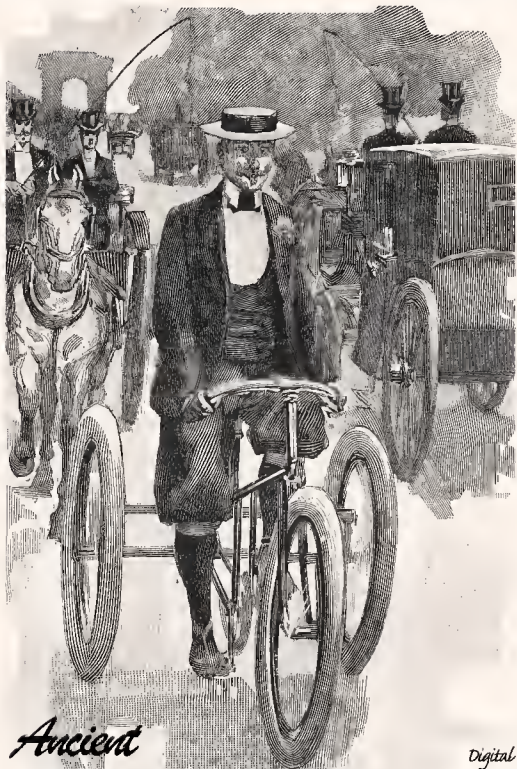
REMEMBER!

ONE PENNY ONLY FOR THE THREE!

London: Printed by WOODFALL and KINDER, Mifford Lane, Strand, W.C. and published for the Proprietor, at the Office, Hogarth House, St. Bride's Avenue, London, E.C.

ENGLITGOW
SOLICITOR

This Scan Was delivered to you by



Ancient
VEFKUS

DPP
Digital Pulp
Preservation
Group